The Centre Reporter.

VOLUME { OLD SERIES, XL. / NEW SERIES, XVII. | CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1884. | NO. 38

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE,
ADAM HOY.
[*Subject to the decision of Dem. Judicial Conference.*]

FOR CONGRESS,
ANDREW G. CURTIN.
[*Subject to the decision of Dem. Congr. Conference.*]

For Associate Judge—Chester Munson.
For Assembly—Leonard Rhone. John A. Woodward.
For Sheriff—Miles Walker.
For Prothonotary—Robert G. Brett,
For Treasurer—Charles Smith.
For Register—James A. McClain.
For Recorder—Frank E. Bible.
For Commissioners—A. J. Greist. John Wolf.
For Auditors—Solomon Peck. J. N. Dinges.

Blaine's first wedding might be styled his tissue paper wedding, because it would not hold water.

Before the election Blaine wrote, "Burn this letter." After the election he'll say, Durn that letter.

St. John is running against Demmy John with chances for Demmy John getting ahead when dodgers like Jimmy Blaine are around.

Judge Gresham, Postmaster General, has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, in place of Judge Folger, deceased.

We guess what Blaine meant to say is, that his first marriage was a trial trip in Kentucky, and afterwards cast his "anchor to the windward" in Pittsburg.

Ex-Governor Seymour has gone to Ohio to speak for Cleveland. When patriots like Seymour talk in favor of Mr. Cleveland any honest man should be willing to vote tor him.

At a Blaine meeting in New York, a few nights ago, the name of Blaine was cheered, of course, when mentioned by the speaker; when Hayes' name was mentioned it was hissed, and when Cleveland was mentioned his name was cheered.

When men like Jim Blaine dodge the prohibition amendment and "temperance" Republicans openly approve of it, let them hereafter hold their peace when others refuse to ride on the temperance hobby. Such action brings the cause of temperance in disrepute.

James I. Goodlander has taken the editorial tri-pod as local editor of the Clearfield *Republican*. He is a son of "the old man," and is just making the local department interesting, and we will like the *Republican*—always a favorite—all the more now.

The New York *World* is doing valuable campaign service for the Democracy. The *World* is a better paper now than at any time in ten years, and if any of the CENTRE REPORTER readers want an able organ from the city that also gives all the news, the *World* will fill the bill.

Blaine and Logan are both on a tramp, like a circus, showing themselves to draw a crowd. Things must be looking blue for the great letter writer when he must help rouse the enthusiasm in his party by exhibiting himself along with Logan, although the two tramps are not out stumping on same route.

Voters who profess friendship for the soldier will not forget that Chas. Smith, our nominee for Treasurer, has been in the service and left an arm on the battle field. Besides this Charley is a man of excellent character, and well qualified for the office. Remember the one-armed soldier, Chas Smith, when you go to the ballot-box.

The Temperance party held its convention at Bellefonte, on 23 inst, and put a full county ticket in the field. They should be sure to swear their Legislative candidates to be sure to stick so as to have no straddlers who will vote on both sides, as has been done heretofore by some of our members, or dodge, *a la* Blaine. Let the disciples of St. John look a leedle out.

Every citizen who desires an efficient and accommodating Register and a competent Recorder, should cast his vote for James A. M'Clain and Frank E. Bible. These officers have been tried and not the least complaint can be brought against them. They have faithfully attended to their duties and have always been found at their posts. These positions have never been better filled.

EIGHTY-ONE CENTS A DAY.

Notices have been posted in the furnaces of the Cambria Iron and Coal Company announcing a reduction of 10 per cent. in the wages, to take effect on the 1st of October, and all those who will not agree to take the reduction will be paid off and discharged. When the wages are reduced some of the employes will receive but 81 cents per day.

The re-election of A. J. Greist and Jno. Wolf, by increased majorities, is a fixed fact. The people recognize in them two faithful officials, who have striven to inaugurate economy and reduce taxation. No dishonest act can be laid to their door, as the closest scrutiny would prove. Their work needs to be carried on in the same way the next three years, and as they understand it thoroughly let their action be endorsed by a large vote.

Jay Gould is for Blaine. As a "business man" he cannot endure the idea of an administrative change. Brother Cyrus Field takes the same view. All the Monopolists who are doing well detest a change. The Monopolists will prosper under Mr. Blaine, provided the American people are foolish enough to place him in channels where he can make himself useful.

One of the iron-mill hands, on coming out of an Ohio Republican meeting, the other evening, was heard to say: "Aye, my man, that seems all vera well, but me and you voted for Garfield and a high tariff. What has we now? The mills and forges be closing all around, mines be stopping, wages going down, and it looks as if the worst be not here yet." It is probable that the votes of the workingmen this fall will show that they have learned a thing or two during the past four years.

One stereotype electioneering promise of the Republicans is worn out. They have promised the workingmen higher wages if their party was kept in power. This made them some votes in every campaign for 20 years, but the workingmen have found their wages going down all the time and going down even now. The workingmen have found that high tariffs have served to make the capitalist, manufacturer and monopolist richer, bringing *them* higher prices, and less wages for the workingmen. Many were gulled into voting the Republican ticket from campaign to campaign, but now that game is played out and the workingmen see the cheat.

When Blaine wrote "Burn this letter" he knew he was in a dishonorable job, and when he wrote in another letter to Fisher, No man in Maine knows that I made a single dollar in the Little Rock business, he felt confident that he had covered his dishonest tracks. But the roguery leaked out and he thought of "casting an anchor to windward" to make himself safe, and offer a National Bank to favorites at Little Rock as a bribe to further his plans, and hastily asked "dear Fisher" to write a lying letter to white-wash him (Blaine) before the Nat. Republican convention in 1876, which letter he himself composed and asked "dear Fisher" to copy, sign and mail it back to him. But "dear Fisher" didn't do that, and he didn't "burn this letter." Now who will vote for Blaine?

One our of subscribers, Mr. Burkholder, in Ohio, writes us that a neighbor borrows his REPORTER regularly and reads it, and just as regularly grumbles about its politics. Well, we have some of that class around here, who can afford to take the REPORTER but beg it weekly of their neighbor, and these sneaks grumble at the REPORTER all the time. We print the REPORTER to suit ourselves and do the best we can for our patrons who pay for the reading of it. The politics of the paper is according to our convictions and we hold to it whether it suits this class of sneaks or not, and we have learned this much that if our business success depended upon these miserly grumblers and borrowers we would starve and there would be very few papers in the land with support enough to get along. That the REPORTER is largely read by many non-subscribers is the best evidence that it is a good and well conducted paper else there would not be this eagerness to read it on the part of those who can afford to take it but depend upon begging their neighbor's paper. With the poor man there is excuse for borrowing, but the above class do it from inbred stinginess.

Judge Black, shortly before his death, said that he never charged a fee in any case he tried where the people were interested. And Judge Black was a great lawyer, noted for his virtues. If Judge Black were living and in Centre county, he would take the interests of the people in our railroad in hands, and defend their rights free of charge. In this matter our people have not yet struck any Judge Blacks as some steep bills are coming in for the people to pay. Some persons are very loud in their professions for the interests of the "dear people" when they want their votes for an office, but when the "dear people" want aid in return in a matter of public benefit, a good round fee will be demanded, altho' the "dear people" may have done much gratuitously and "bled" freely for securing an improvement for the general benefit, and in which some of these lawyers are just as much interested.

A note may be made of some of these fellows who would be Judge Blacks in ability, but are nowhere when it comes to copying after his virtues. After all the sums that have been squeezed out of our people by an outside railroad corporation and the impositions we have born, it is doubly painful to find that there are skinners right at home.

WHY CAMERON IS FALLING INTO LINE IN SUPPORT OF THE TICKET.

State Senator W. T. Davies some days, ago, in referring to the disputed question as to whether or not Senator Cameron would be a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, remarked:

"Senator Cameron will only be a candidate for re-election if Mr. Blaine asks him to be."

Senator Davies is very close to the center in Republican politics and his opinions are deserving of consideration. The statement is very significant. Of course Senator Davies did not intend to convey the idea that Senator Cameron had so completely yielded his manhood and independence to the tattooed candidate of his party that he would accept his dictation in the matter of Senatorial succession. What he did mean to intimate, and what everyone who reads between the lines saw in his statement, was that unless Mr. Blaine figuratively got down on his knees to Senator Cameron and asked him to accept the unanimous Republican nomination for Senator, the blonde statesman of Lochiel would let Blaine and his election go to where he once threatened to let the iron masters go in a proxysm of passion caused by jumping toothache. It is now safe to say, however, that Mr. Blaine has crooked the knee; that is to say, he has sent his emissary to the Lochiel Chieftain and made peace. A day or two ago the ancient and unique Hannibal Hamlin came fresh from Blaine's side and exchanged saccharine pledges with General Cameron. The next day the Senator heid himself to Philadelphia to a love feast with Blaine, and afterwards called on Cooper and probably did that which he refused to do on the occasion of the chairman's mysterious visit ten days ago. Putting these things together, therefore, the inference is that Cameron is a candidate for Senator.

The opposition have not yet been able to give a single reason why any one should vote against John A. Woodward, for Assembly. His fitness is admitted; he is not a stranger to any question that pertains to state affairs and he is a gentleman of ability who will stand up for Democratic principles in the lower House. He is an intelligent farmer and a working man. He lost a hand while at work in the barn, yet has never forsaken that most honorable of all callings, and remains a farmer still.

Our other nominee, Mr. Rhone, is also an intelligent farmer, and stands well among his neighbors as a good citizen. Of late years he has given some attention to public questions, and been the advocate of reform. The Grange owes much to his energy in furthering the principles of the order, and advocating the interests of the agricultural class. His identification now with the Democrats is expected to bring him a strong vote from the other side, and why should it not? he is in a better party sure, and it would be wise of others would they follow his example. Our party has room and a good word for more.

Senator Wallace and Ex-Governor Curtin will go to Ohio this week to brave the Blaine hippodrome. They both speak at Salina on Wednesday, at Canton on Thursday, at Mansfield on Friday and at Dayton on Monday. On Saturday Wallace speaks at Dayton and Curtin at some other point.

The Lewistown *Sentinel*, of 25th ult., says: The dedication on Sunday of the new church at Siglerville, erected by the friends of Rev. White and members of his congregation, was largely attended. Rev. Smith, of the Evangelical church, preached in the morning, and Rev. J. J. Pearce, of the M. E. church, Lewistown, in the afternoon. Eight hundred dollars was raised during the services, six hundred being in cash, this being amply sufficient to cover all the debt remaining on the church. The members were much rejoiced over their auspicious beginning. The church is a neat, substantial structure.

"No one will ever know from me that I have disposed of a single dollar in Maine."[—Blaine to Fisher.

CONGRESSIONAL CONFERENCE.

Lock Haven, Sept. 25.—The Democratic conferees of the Twentieth Congressional district, comprising the counties of Clearfield, Centre, Clinton, Mifflin, Union and Elk, met here to-day in the Democratic Club rooms to nominate a candidate for Congress. Paul S. Merrill, of Lock Haven, was chairman and G. O. Branden, of Elk, secretary. J. C. Smith, of Union, moved to adjourn from the Democratic Club rooms to a room in the Court House, where the conferees might sit with closed doors. General Blair, of Centre, moved an amendment agreeing to the place, but to meet with open doors. He said that all Democratic Conventions sit with open doors, and that it was undemocratic to sit in secret conclave under lock and key. Colonel Barrett, of Clearfield, followed in a vigorous speech asking that the conference should sit with open doors. Clearfield county demanded a public open conference. Two years ago the Senatorial conferees met in a private room and made a nomination which, it was alleged, was tainted with fraud. The people promptly rejected the nomination, and a new conference was called and a new candidate put in nomination. That should be the last of secret conferences.

Mr. Branten, of Elk, made a brief reply. On a call of the ayes and nays the amendment was rejected by a vote of 11 to 7 and Smith's motion was adopted. The conferees of Elk, Union, Mifflin and Clinton then withdrew from the room to go into secret session. The conferees of Clearfield and Centre refused to follow them and remained at the club rooms and organized by electing George W. Dickley, of Clearfield, chairman and L. T. Munson, of Centre, secretary. On motion they adjourned to meet to-morrow, at the same place, at 9 a. m.

The other conferees met in secret and adjourned to meet to-morrow at 9 a. m. The Centre and Clearfield conferees are determined to nominate Governor Curtin. The other conferrees have formed a combination inimical to the candidacy of the War Governor. Delegates from various labor organizations are here demanding the nomination of Governor Curtin. Representative men from all parts of the district are urging his nomination. Feeling is running high in the city and everything indicates a lively struggle.

WILL BLAINE PLEASE EXPLAIN?

Kentucky's Marriage License Laws Passed After His Second Marriage.

Boston, Sept. 22.—The Boston *Herald* publishes the following from John A. Bennett, a well known lawyer of this city:

"Again, Mr. Blaine invites the confidence of 50,000,000 of people in one of his explanations and again with disastrous result to himself. In the letter to W. W. Phelps, which it pains him so to write, he attempts to unwind 'the thread of truth' running through what he had previously called 'the utterly abominably false' statement of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*. By this letter it appears that he married his wife in Kentucky, June 30, 1850, supposing the marriage perfectly legal until the winter of 1851, when he learned that by the laws of Kentucky the marriage without a licence was invalid. The knowledge so worked upon his apprehensions that in March, 1851, the marriage was recelebrated, in time to remove all doubts as to the legitimacy of the child which was born in June, 1851. That is the explanation. What are the facts? That by the laws of Kentucky, and the repeated decisions of its highest court (3 Marshall, 372; I. Bush, 64) Mr. Blaine's marriage in 1850, if then made, was perfectly valid. A license was not and never had been 'an indispensible requisite' in that state. Not till July, 1852, two years from date, did an act of the Legislature become a law making a law marrying void without a license. Whence come those doubts? May not the legal counsel he fancies he sought in 1850 have first been sought in 1884 from a too careless examination of the Kentucky statutes? The cause assigned for all the misgivings we see could not have been the true one. Is it possible that the early marriage may be as mythical as the assigned reason for the second one?"

BLAINE AND THE STALWARTS.

New York, Sept. 24.—The managers of the Republican National Committee are much annoyed in consequence of the failure of President Arthur to call upon Mr. Blaine. Secretary Chandler, who had charge of the business in getting them together, got along swimmingly for a day or two and exacted a promise from President Arthur to come to New York and meet Mr. Blaine. But there has been a hitch in the arrangements somewhere and nobody knows just how it came about. It has given rise to all sorts of stories and the old rumors of antagonism between the administration and Blaine are revived. However the difficulty arose, Blaine had to go on his Western trip without having seen the President. The Republicans have made no headway during Blaine's visit to this city in the way of conciliating the Stalwarts, and it looks as if Blaine must reckon without their support during the rest of the campaign.

"I want you to send me a letter, such as the enclosed draft. * * * It will be a favor I shall never forget. * * * Regard this letter as strictly confidential. The draft is in the hands of my clerk, who is as trustworthy as any man can be. * * * Burn this letter."—[Blaine to Fisher.

TEMPERANCE TICKET.

The Temperance Convention was held in the court-house on 24 ult., to nominate a county ticket. Rev. G. W. Curtin, Evangelical minister of Centre Hall, and Wm. H Musser, of Milesburg, were nominated for Assembly. Henry Spotts, of Union twp., was nominated for Associate Judge. There were only about 25 delegates in the convention.

DANGER LURKS IN LOOKING GLASSES.

It would seem as if the catalogue of perils to which we are exposed while peacefully resting in our boudoirs, or sleeping the sleep of the just in our bedchambers, is never to be complete. Every few days we are startled by the discovery of some unsuspected source of evil, and learn with alarm that our feeling of security was baseless, and that the enemy was working destruction under the guise of a friend.

The wall-paper, the carpets, the upholstery, the furnace, the fresh-air flue and the area drain have all had their evil actions brought to light, and now the aged mirror, which seemed to be an angel of light, is shown to have worked deeds of darkness.

Dr. Neukirch reports having met with several cases of chronic mercurial poisoning, manifested by severe stomatitis with pains in the lower jaw, swelling of the sub-maxillary glands, ptyalism and a fetid breath. The presence of mercury in considerable quantity was also detected in the urine. In two cases, of a man and his wife, the cause of the trouble was in a looking glass hanging in the bed-room, the wooden back of which was dotted with thousands of minute globules of mercury. The apartment was heated during the night.

In another instance the source of the poisoning was a mirror, forty years old, from whose face the quicksilvery freshness was fading. The aged culprits having been summarily removed, their victims speedily recovered. Thus has yet another of our trusted friends been proved false! And now we must either destroy our mirrors while they are yet young and innocent, or else keep a watchful eye on them and brace up their backs the moment the signs of decrepitude become apparent. If worse comes to worst, we can at least take refuge in the burnished steel of our forefathers.

TEXAS BEEF.

The great reservoir from which has been drawn the bulk of the cattle which are now becoming so abundant in all our Western Territories is the State of Texas. In 1860 one-seventh of the horned cattle in the United States was found within its borders, and it out-numbered the aggregate of all the other States and Teritories west of the Missouri, California and the Pacific Coast included. This ratio was slightly changed by the statistics of 1880, the State representing somewhat less than one-eighth of the whole number, while it still contained more than all the others mentioned above. From this source of supply has been drawn the great bulk of the range cattle now to be found on the public lands east of the Rocky Mountains—an industry which has grown to huge proportions, and yet dating back in these States and Territories a few years only. As an evidence of this we note that in 1870 the number given for Montana, Wyoming and Colorado was a little less than 280,000. Ten years later Wyoming alone equalled this, while the three together aggregated nearly 800,000. We do not doubt that an accurate census taken to-day would more than double these figures. To Texas, then, we must still look for the supply from which to draw recruits to further develop the capabilities of the northern ranges. Like the tide of immigration which is daily landing thousands of foreigners on the shores of the New World, more than equalling the relative birth increase, so the annual cattle-drive from Texas must yet be the base of supplies for all the country north.

THE LIFE OF A HERDER.

For a life of labor in the service of others, says a writer in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, sheepherding is the most independent in the world. Everything pertaining to the immediate welfare of the flock is left to the discretion of the herder. This is necessarily the case, as the "range" is usually remote from the home of the owner, who visits the camp as seldom as is consistent with a proper supply of provisions and an eye to the ultimate profits. The successful herder, therefore, takes an interest in the property intrusted to his care. He must possess considerable judgment and staying qualities, and, in crowded ranges, sufficient combativness to enable him to "stand off" his neighbors and get his share of the grass. The dwelling of the sheepherder is usually a little board cabin about six by nine, without a floor, built on a spot selected with an eye to the natural shelter for the "laying ground" of the sheep and proximity to water. Sometimes a corral built of portable panels is added, but often the sheep are never inclosed at all. In the latter case the herder is obliged to sleep with one eye open in order to jump up and head the band back if they attempt to leave during the night. If he is not to sound a sleeper they cannot leave without awakening him by their unusual bleating if they are ewes and lambs, or by the jingling of their bells if they are dry ewes or wethers.

CONGRESSMAN AND JUDGE.

The congressional conferrees of this district have not yet made a nomination. They meet again to-day at St. Marys. We feel like predicting the nomination of Curtin.

The judicial conferrees of this district are also still at sea, and meet again to-day at Huntingdon.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, Thomas J. Dunkle, High Sheriff of the county of Centre, commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in said county of Centre, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1884,

[being the Tuesday, next, following the first Monday in November] at which time the following officers will be elected, to wit:

3 persons for Electors-at-Large for President and Vice President of the United states;
27 persons for District Electors for President and Vice President of the United States.
One person for Congressman-at-Large for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.
One person for Congressman from this district.
One person for President Judge of the district of Centre and Huntingdon counties.
One person for Associate Judge for the county Centre.
Two persons for members of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, for Centre County.
One person for High Sheriff for the county of Centre.
One person for Prothonotary for the County of Centre.
One person for Treasurer for the county of Centre.
One person for Register for the county of Centre.
One person for Recorder for the county of Centre.
Three persons for Commissioners for the county of Centre.
Three persons for Auditors for the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several boroughs and townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines at the public house of And. Immel at Aaronsburg west precinct.
Haines township, east precinct, at the school house in Woodward.
For the township of Half Moon at the school house in Stormstown.
For the township of Taylor at the house erected for that purpose on the property of Leonard Meryman.
For the township of Potter, north precinct, at the public house of D. J. Meyer in Centre Hall.
For the township of Potter, southern precinct, at the public house of D. H. Rubl, Potters Mills.
For the township of Gregg, northern precinct, at Murry's school house.
For the township of Gregg, southern precinct, at the public house owned by J B Fisher, of Penn Hall.
For the township of College in the school house at Lemont.
For the township of Ferguson, old precinct, in the school house at Pine Grove.
For the township of Ferguson, new precinct, in the school house at Baileyville.
For the township of Harris in the school house at Coalsburg.
For the township of Patton at the house of Peter Murray.
For the borough of Bellefonte, and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court house in Bellefonte.
For the borough and township of Howard at the school house of said borough.
For the township of Rush, northern precinct, at the Cold Stream school house.
For the township of Rush, southern precinct, at Powelltown school house.
For the township of Snow Shoe, east precinct, at the school house in Snow Shoe town.
For the township of Snow Shoe, west precinct, at the Moshannon school house.
For the township of Marion at the house of Joel King in Jacksonsville.
For the borough of Milesburg at the school house of Milesburg.
For the township of Boggs, north precinct, at the Walter school house.
For the township of Boggs, south precinct, at the Central City school house.
For the township of Huston at the Silver Dale school house.
For the township of Penn at the public house of Joseph Kleckner, Coburn.
For the borough of Millheim at the school house opposite the Evangelical church in said borough.
For the township of Liberty in the school house in Eagleville.
For the township of Worth at the school house at Port Matilda.
For the township of Burnside at the school house of J K Boak.
For the township of Curtin at the school house of Robert Mann's.
For the borough of Unionville and the township of Union at the new school house at Unionville.
For the first and Second wards of the borough of Philipsburg at the large public school house.
For the Third ward of the borough of Philipsburg at the small public school house.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That all persons, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold an office or appointment of any profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary Department of this State, or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district; and also that every member of Congress or State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law capable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for.

TICKETS TO BE VOTED.

The qualified electors will take notice of the following acts of Assembly, approved the 12th day of March, 1866: "An act regulating the mode of voting at all elections in the several counties of this Commonwealth."

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That the qualified electors for the several counties of the Commonwealth, at all general, township, borough and special elections are hereby authorized and required to vote by tickets, printed or written, or partly printed or partly written, severally classified as follows: One ticket shall embrace the names of judges of courts voted for and to be labeled outside "Judiciary;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the State officers to be voted for, and shall be labeled "State;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the officers voted for, including the office of Senator and members of the Assembly, if voted for, and be labeled "County;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the township officers voted for, and be labeled "Township;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the borough officers voted for, and be labeled "Borough," and each class shall be deposited in separate ballot-boxes.

THOMAS J. DUNKLE,
Sheriff of Centre County.

Jerseys for ladies, children and men.—Garmans.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER

We certainly lead all—Garmans.

FIFTY LIVES LOST.

London, Sept. 23.—The British gunboat Wasp was wrecked off Tory Island, on the northwest coast of Ireland. Fifty persons were drowned.

Plaids, velvets and ribbons—Garmans

Merino hosiery and underwear—Garmans.

THE LILAC TREE.

In the songful days of June,
When the birds are all a-tune,
And the honey-feast is coming for the humming bird and bee,
Of all the trees that grow,
And with blossoms that do blow,
The sweetest and the saddest is the lilac tree.

For, though purple is the bloom,
That its crisping buds assume,
Like the tint on far-off mountains beyond the pleasant sea,
Yet the freshness but deceives,
And amid the shadowy leaves
There is ever a dead blossom in the lilac-tree.

And so it is with all,
That in things both great and small
Of our life a distant gleaming in our dreaming we may see;
For when the heart is gladdest,
Oh! there's something in its saddest,
Like the blossom and the blight upon the lilac tree.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

It was a beautiful day in July, and M. Pontoise, prefet of the little Norman town of Virentan, lounged back in his arbor, the very picture of full-blown content. A cup of black coffee was on the table before him, and he had just lighted an unimpeachable cigar.

But mere bodily comforts had not rendered the worthy prefet so radiant; he had received very agreeable news that morning. M. le Comte de la Croiserie, one of the most distinguished residents in the neighborhood, had asked the hand of Mademoiselle Melaine Pontoise in marriage. The event was so flattering, so unexpected, that the happy parents could scarcely contain themselves for joy, and were eager to tell their daughter the honor that awaited her.

Madame Pontoise soon appeared, followed by a pretty fair-haired girl, who put her hand caressingly on her father's arm.

"Now, then, petit pere, what is it you have to tell me? I see it is something nice. Another invitation to England, perhaps?"

A slight shade passed over the beaming countenance of Madame Pontoise, as she answered for her husband, "No; you have been too much in England already. Your last visit filled your foolish little head with all sorts of ideas."

"Well, never mind," said the good-tempered prefet, flicking some cigar ashes off the spherical surface of his white waistcoat; "this has nothing to do with England. On the contrary, it is something to keep you here. How should you like to be a countess?"

"Not at all, papa. I would rather stay with you, plain Mademoiselle Pontoise."

"You've been that long enough," put in her mother; "it is high time to change. M. le Comte de la Croiserie has written to ask for your hand in marriage, and your father is deeply sensible of the honor."

Melanie opened her eyes. "Why, papa is a Republican! He laughs at title!"

"Nonsence, child!" said M. Pontoise; "what do you know about politics!"

But it was true nevertheless, and M. Pontoise could not deny it. Still, it was all very well to laugh at titles when you hadn't any yourself, but M. Pontoise very naturally felt it would be quite a different matter if he had a Count for a son-in-law. So he answered his only child rather testily, telling her that she knew nothing about politics, and had much better turn her attention to her toilette for the evening.

Madame Pontoise took the hint at once, and led the way back to the house Melanie following slowly and silently. When they were safe in seclusion of the girl's bedroom. Madame Pontoise began to reason with her daughter.

"What is the matter, ma fille? What objection have you to M. de la Croiserie? That he is a widower? Bah! that is nothing. That he is a widower? Bah! that is nothing. That he is older than you? Ah! my child, you will know some day how well it is to have a husband of that age, possessed of the most admirable qualities. Why, he is everywhere sought after; you will be the envy of the neighborhood."

That was undoubtedly true; still Melanie did not look convinced.

"But I don't know him, mamma. I have only seen him twice."

"What more would you have? Who expects you to know him? We have not yet adopted the English habit of allowing young girls to form intimacies with men; but you have *heard* of him. Every one is acquainted with his good heart—his——"

"Oh! yes, mamma," interrupted Melanie impatiently; "I have heard his praises sung till I am tired. Solo, duet, or chorus, the refrain is always the same. He is so good! he is such a kind father!"

"You surely don't object to the children, Melanie? Three darlings, and only girls. Remember, you have already vexed your father twice by refusing two very eligible offers. Do not disappoint him again by rejecting M. de la Croiserie, the most eligible of all. He is coming to a little dinner *en famille* so that you may judge of one another. And now I leave you to choose your dress;" and Madame Pontoise hurried away.

Melanie stood by the window, gazing drearily out upon the view. Below in blinding sunshine was the stiff, trim little garden in which her father's soul delighted; a few orchards intervened between that and the river Vire, and immediately on the other bank lay the grounds of Chateau de la Croiserie. The trees were in full leaf, so that but little of the house was visible; but Melanie could see a small turret window, which she knew was the Count's dressing-room. Her heart sank within her. The Count was a fine match from a wordly point of view. It was very flattering that he should wish to make her his wife, but she felt it would be impossible to love him. He was so cold, so stiff. Her mother said the best kind of love for a woman came after marriage, but Melanie shuddered at the risk. Could it be that she had really imbibed foolish ideas during her visits to England? She had dreamed there of something very different. Was marriage one of the things they manage better in France? Well, it was to be hoped so Melanie sighed, and the turrets of her future home were blotted out by a mist of blinding tears.

Suddenly there came a loud peal at the door. Who could be ringing so violently? Had the Count proved too ardent a lover to wait till the evening? The idea was grotesque; besides, he would never do anything so incorrect.

While she was wondering, her mother came rushing into the room, holding a card in her hand.

"Here is young Mr. Paget come to see your father. How provoking! just as he has gone to the Prefecture. Do go down and see him. You can speak English, and you must tell him where to go."

Melanie stood transfixed. The event which seemed so commonplace to the mother seemed a miracle to the girl. Mr. Paget was her father's English partner; it was at his home that she had paid those visits of which Madame Pontoise disapproved. His daughter Alice was her school-fellow and friend; his son Tom was—well, he was her friend too.

And to think that he should appear to-day—dropped from the clouds, as it were!

Recovering herself, she ran quickly down stairs. A tall, sunburnt young man was standing in the middle of the room, looking eagerly towards the door.

"Oh, Monsieur Tom!" she cried; est-il-possible?"

"Why not?" he said smilling; "am I so altered? But, I say, you musn't talk French, you know. I can't understand a word of that."

Melanie laughed, but the tears so recently repressed were very near the surface. "Papa will be very glad to see you," she said, with her pretty accent.

Mr. Tom looked moderately elated at the assurance.

"I think you might say you were glad too, Manemoiselle Melanie, for unless I had expected to see *you* I should not have come one hundred miles out of my way. I hope you haven't forgotten your stay with us. We had great fun, if you remember. Do you recollect our ride on the tricycle and our picnics on the river?"

"I shall never forget them!" she answered, her eyes gleaming like sunshine after rain. There was a repressed intensity in her tones which did not escape Tom. Both young people were silent a few seconds.

Just then her mother entered the room. She had been peeping behind the Venetian shutters to see Mr. Paget's departure, and now came to see the cause of the delay. She was displeased to find them deeply engaged in conversation, and packed him off to the Prefecture without delay. But she never guessed what her husband would do. He was in such a state of effusive benevolence that he invited Tom to the important dinner in the evening! Madame Pontrise was immensely disgusted.

"How stupid men are! That tiresome young Euglishman will make the Count look ten years older."

However, it could not be helped, and the good lady was too immersed in household cares to give much thought to the matter.

Punctual to the moment M. de la Croiserie arrived, a well-preserved man, over fifty, carefully dressed, with gray hair, which looked long by the side of Tom's "regulation cut" and M. Pontoise's bristles. He was formally introduced to Melanie, and made a profound and elaborate bow, clicking his heels together as he did so.

"A galvanized mummy!" thought Tom as he watched the performance, but his opinion was not very valuable. He had learned the state of affairs from M. Pontoise, and had at once conceived a strong prejudice against the Count.

The dinner passed off very well. M. de la Croiserie addressed Melanie with marked difference once or twice, and she replied in monosyllables. Madame Pontoise was quite ecstatic—this was exactly as it should be.

Tom began to wish he had not come. It did not require a conjurer to see that Melanie did not care for the Count, and the young Englishman's soul was overflowing with chivalrous pity. To sacrifice that warm-hearted Melanie to such an iceberg; what a shame! He had not expected to burst into such an exciting chapter of the family history; and once here, what could he do? He had always liked his sister's pretty French friend, but he had no definite plan or scheme in coming to see her. Now that he found her again, no longer a school-girl, but a beautiful woman, whose life-happiness was trembling in the balance, his feelings were stirred and deepened. He watched her every movement; he took note of every changing expression which flitted across her face; he fancied he detected traces of tears, and his heart went out to her. Nobody but the two young people saw any pathos in the situation. The parents answered their daughter's wistful glances with exultant smiles, and the Count made a good dinner, serenely certain of success.

When they went into the drawing-room, Tom hoped to exchange a few words with Melanie unobserved, but he reckoned without Madame Pontoise's watchful eyes. Fortune favored him, however. The mother was suddenly called away, and the Count and M. le Prefet had gone into the garden to discuss matters by the light of a post-prandial cigar. Tom seized his opportunity.

"Your father has told me everything," he said in a low voice. "I hope you will be happy."

"Ah! Monsieur Tom," she sighed, with a pretty appealing gesture of her hands and an earnest look out of her great dark eyes, "what can I do?"

"If you don't like him there is still time. When you are married it will be too late."

Before Melanie had time to answer, Madame Pontoise returned, and the young people separated.

"Will you not join the gentlemen now, Monsieur Paget?" she said, meaningly. "My daughter will give us a song; but you can hear very well in the garden."

"I think I will take my leave, Madame. I have already trespassed too long upon your hospitality;" and Tom departed. But all the way to his hotel he was uneasy and doubting. "What can I do? How I wish I knew what she really wants! What a fool I am! What sent me here to trouble that poor girl's life? What grand, wonderful eyes she has—with the pleading look of some dumb animal in them! She doesn't like the Frenchman—but—I wonder if she likes *me*? I wasn't a bit in love with her when I came—at least, I think not—but now! Oh! if I could only speak to the girl! The mother glares at me like a dragon. Poor, pretty Melanie! I'd give anything to know what she thinks of me. I wonder what a fellow ought to do!"

The next morning rose clear and beautiful, and M. de la Croiserie sent over a mounted messenger to beg the prefet and his family to lunch at the Chateau. The worthy prefet and his wife were radiant; but Melanie, who had slept badly, looked pale and worn.

The poor girl was desperate. She saw no help, no escape. The gleam of hope which Tom had brought faded. No doubt he was now on his way to Paris. Years would elapse before they would meet again.

After the ceremonious lunch was over, the Count gave his hand to Melanie and led her into the old-fashioned garden.

She felt the crisis of her life had come. Oh, for courage to make a stand.

M. de la Croiserie led her to a stone bench, and sat down beside her.

"I wish to thank you, Mademoiselle," he said gravely, "for accepting my suit. I am older than you: many think me austere, but I assure you that you shall never regret the decision you have made."

Melanie turned away her head. Those measured tones seemed to freeze her. Yet Tom had said, "Think before you decide; when you are married it will be too late." So, summoning her courage, she faltered—

"You think too highly of me, Monsieur le Comte. I am deeply sensible of your flattering preference, but I am not equal to the position."

The Count listened benignly. He thought it all very proper and diffident, but he attached no weight to it whatever.

"When you are my wife," he said, bowing low, "you will have me always at your side to guide and direct."

Melanie gave him a frightened look, then turned away again. Yes, it was true; that man would be *always* at her side. What an appalling idea!

"It is impossible for me to undertake——'

"Allow me to assure you, Mademoiselle, that I consider nobody as worthy as yourself to fulfil the duties of a mother towards my little girls. Your discretion, your amiability, gave me a thousand guarantees for the future. But your parents will think I abuse my privileges," he continued, with a wintry smile, as he assisted her to rise from the bench. Then he conducted her to Monsieur Madame Pontoise, expectant and anxious in the drawing-room.

"Monsieur le Prefet," said the Count, "*I commend my future wife to your care.*"

Melanie said nothing, but her parents were voluble enough to make amends for her silence. The Count led them through the grounds to the river, where he had ordered a boat to be in readiness to pull them across. M. Pontoise went first, his wife followed. Melanie, pale as death, came third. Her dainty high-heeled shoes, fit only for a polished floor, failed her on the sloping plank. She slipped, and fell into the water. The river was deep. Nobody could swim. The Count stood on the bank, paralyzed—staring.

"Go, go!" screamed Madame Pontoise, "tell them to stop the mill. She will be carried over it!" But he seemed petrified with terror.

M. Pontoise had thrown off his coat, and was struggling in the water, endangering his own life without saving his daughter's. Mahame Pontaise did nothing but shriek, but it was the best thing she could do. It brought rescue. Tom Paget had not gone to Paris; he was hovering about, undecided, uneasy; he heard her screams, and rushed up in a moment, He saw at once what had happened, and running a few yards down the stream, plunged in. He had calculated well. Melanie rose to the surface close to the spot, and it was but the work of a few strong strokes and she was safe again in the boat, The next thing was to rescue M. Pontoise. His struggles had exhausted him and driven the air from his lungs; his clothes, heavy with the water, pulled him down; and when Tom dragged him out of the water he was quite insensible. Fortunately, he was near home. Restoratives were procured and soon he and Melanie were in each other's arms rejoicing in their safety.

Tom had no reason to complain that Madame Pontoise glared at him like a dragon now. The poor lady had no terms to express her gratitude. There was no more question of his continuing his journey to Paris; the grateful parents would not let him go. Before they retired for the night he had an opportunity of learning Melanie's wishes, and found they coincided entirely with his own. With Tom by her side, Melanie feels equal to rejecting a dozen counts; and it is not likely the worthy prefet and his wife will refuse their child to the man who saved her life.

Romance in Real Life.

Mr. David Gentle, a farmer of Fairfax county, Va., is visiting his widowed mother, Mrs. Anna Gentle, at Annapolis, Md., after a separation of 31 years, during which he had lost an arm in battle. The meeting between mother and son was quite affecting. Each had thought the other dead until a short time ago, when a letter from the son brought the gladsome tidings to the mother that her only child was living, and led to the happy reunion. Thirty-one year agos Mrs. Gentle lost her husband. David was then an infant. They lived in Washington. When 12 years old the boy was put to work on a farm in Fairfax county, the mother remaining in Washington to support herself as best she could. David remained on the farm six years. He then went to another farm in Loudoun county, remaining there two years. At the beginning of the war, at the age of 20 years, young Gentle threw down his farming implements and entered the Confederate army. He lost an arm at the battle of Petersburg, after which he was discharged. Marrying in 1866, he settled down to farming in Fairfax county and acquired a fair livelihood, and has been living there ever since. Mr. Gentle had believed his mother dead, but his wife, he said, had often remarked that he would find her some time. He never expected to do so, however, and probably never would have known of her existence but for the intervention of a lady.

Two years ago this lady, who knew his mother, in traveling through Virginia heard the name of Gentle mentioned in a railroad car. Approaching the party addressed she questioned him about his parents, and becoming satisfied that she had discovered the lost son, told him where he would likely find his mother. She said a Mrs. Gentle who had a son David lived in Washington a few years previous, and promised to make inquiries about her and let her son hear from her when she returned, The lady went to Europe and remained a year, and returning to Washington learned that Mrs. Gentle had moved to Annapolis, and so informed the son when next she met him. David had recognized her on the street on his second visit, and going up to her asked if she had ascertained the definite whereabouts of his parent. On learning that she was living at Annapolis, without a moment's delay the son wrote to her, propounding certain questions to establish the relationship which he knew only his mother could answer satisfactorily. In a few days the welcome answer came from the mother, containing endearing messages of love, and requesting him to come to her, which he did at the first opportunity. Mrs. Gentle is sixty-five years old and her son forty-four. The mothers has been invited to spend the balance of her days on a pleasant little farm in old Virginia, and share the hospitalities of the place with a daughter-in-law and an only grandchild, and she will probably accept.

Good and quickly seldom meet.

A good beginning is half the work.

Gold is no balm to a wounded spirit.

Every little frog is great in his own bog.

When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish.

The Snake's Vengeance.

"On the night of Feb. 17. 1847, it was raining hard," began the tramp, as he settled himself in Gilligan's back room and sipped his gin last night. "We was camped at San Juan Dullo, in Mexico, where the big battle took place, and it was there that I first became a believer in snakes. Talking about wreaking vengeance, why, gents, a snake's got more cunning than all the men in the world.

"What'd he do?" asked the crowd.

"Who?"

"Why, the snake."

"Oh, yes; at San Juan. Well, boys, as I was a saying, it was raining hard, and old Scotty was mad'ern blazes, caz he did'nt know the country, and the rain threatened to wash us out. About 10 o'clock that night our sentry caught a greaser lurking around the outposts and brought him into camp. The greaser was a handsome feller, and a lieutenant in the Mexican cavalry. He had a small box under his arm, and when this was opened a small rattlesnake sprang out and showed fight. He buried his fangs into the arm of one of the men and the bite killed him. The man seemed to be very fond of the snake, but somehow he thought that he would have got away if it wasn't for the creature. Then he cussed it in Spanish, and just as they were leading him away the snake sprang for him, its little eyes blazing and body quivering. It did not reach the man, and was put back in the box. Somehow it was taken to Gen. Scott's tent for safekeeping, and a conference was held about the young captive, and it was decided to hold him and see if any information could be got from him."

"The rain stopped about 1 o'clock," continued the tramp, draining his glass, "and the moon came out. I was on duty in front of Scott's tent, and was just dozing off when I saw the snake, that was in the box, glide out of the tent with something white in his mouth. I gave chase, but couldn't catch it, and, in fact forgot all about it."

"When the captain of the guard woke up at 5 o'clock that morning, he found laying on his table an order to execute the prisoner by sunrise. The sun was just about coming up and the officer was very much frightened. He had the prisoner brought out and drawn up before a file of men. In five minutes the lifeless body of the Mexican officer was lying on the ground. The officer indorsed the order and returned it to Gen. Scott."

"'What's this?' asked the old man.

"'Order of execution. I shot the man this morning,' replied the officer."

"Say, boys, old Scotty was mad then, and he swore that he had never given the order. The officer stated how he received it, end everybody was puzzled. I was sent for, and stated that I saw the snake leave the tent. We looked into the box, and hang me if there wasn't that snake as quiet as may be. The affair was always a great mystery, but say, boys, I could explain it, although they wouldn't believe me."

A Blushing Chinese Bride

There was great commotion in the heart of Chinatown, Portland, Oregon. A wedding in high life was on the tapis, and a crowd of 400 or 500 Chinamen surrounded the home of the bride in an endeavor to catch a glimse of the lady as she went to meet the happy man. When the girl started down the narrow stairs, in charge of an old woman, the curious heathens made a rush for the doorway, and when she appeared upon the sidewalk, with her blushing face hid behind a fan, the excitement became so intense that the services of the policemen were necessary to clear a way to the carriage. Every face in the surging crowd was adorned with a generous grin, and a chorus of "Ahs" greeted the rare and radiant maiden who was about to launch upon the uncertain sea of matrimony. The bride's dress was of pale blue hi-long trimmed with rare old toyah, while the pantaloons were of six full lengths of yellow sigee. Her hair was dressed a la Hong Kong, their being no bangs of any description. Her charming little feet were half hidden in a bewitching pair of silk slippers with the heels knock d off. This vision of loveliness was carefully placed in a closed carriage and driven to the apartments of the bridegroom, who was wondering what sort of a companion his relatives and friends had selected for him. There the scenes enacted on Morrison street were repeated as the bride was hurried up another flight of narrow stairs and disappeared from view, amid showers of rice and papers.

Boston Working Girls.

The average weekly income of working girls in Boston, including earnings, assistance and income from extra work, is $5.17. The average yearly expense for all needs is $261.30. This leaves $7.77 for amusements, reading and so on. There are a large number of girls, according to the figures of the report, who earn less than $3 50 a week, and out of the 1,032 there were only twenty-eight who pay less than $2 a week for board and lodging. Two hundred and twenty-four pay between $2 and $4 a week for board and lodging. It is hard to see how they can live at all decently on their salaries.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Hatred is blind as well as love.

He who blackens others does not whiten himself.

Life becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer friends or enemies.

We had better appear what we are than affect to appear what we are not.

The cup of pleasure sometimes has dregs that one must drink long afterwards.

Those sentiments of love which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

A little praise is good for a shy temper. It teaches it to rely on the kindness of others.

It is more difficult to dissimulate the sentiments we have, than to simulate those we have not.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them.

The duty of doing, not great things; but what we can, is the very top and sum of human obligation.

In giving, a man receives more than he gives, and the more in proportion to the worth of the thing given.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

New actions are the only apologies and explanations of old ones which the noble can bear to offer or to receive.

It is generally true that we judge too bitterly and harshly the faults of every office which we do not ourselves hold.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to be like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

Public discussions is an intellectual stamping mill, where the worthless quartz is crushed and the pure gold set free.

Uprightness in all our dealings with one another is a matter, not of human convenience, but of divine requirement.

Be not penny-wise; riches have wings and sometimes fly away of themselves; sometimes they must be sent flying to bring in more.

It is a wise man who knows where to be firm and where to be yielding, and the latter knowledge is by no means the least important.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it.

It is not so much the mental vision that is desired to discern truth and goodness as the moral courage that dares openly to espouse it.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.

Religion can be no more learnt out of books than seamanship, or soldiership, or engineering, or painting, or any practical trade whatsoever.

People of mean capacities more despise and ridicule what is above the reach of their own intellect than that which is below its standard.

Whatever study tends neither directly or indirectly to make us better men and citizens is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness.

So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

Employment, which can be called "Nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother to misery.

Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.

Religion gives part of its reward in hand, the present comfort of having done our duty; and for the rest, it offers us the best security that heaven can give.

Whatever our place allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of duty. God estimates not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.

There is a thread in our thoughts as there is a pulse in our feelings—he who can hold the one knows how to think, and he who can move the other knows how to feel.

A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as would stock a palace.

Joy is heightened by exultant strains of music, but grief is eased only by low ones. "A sweet, sad, measure," is the balm of a wounded spirit. Music lightens toil. The sailor pulls more cheerfully for his song.

Generosity is not the virtue of the multitude, and for this reason: selfishness is often the consequence of ignorance, and it requires a cultivated mind to discern where the rights of others interfere with our own wishes.

There is nothing in life which exercises a more blessed influence on death, than the prominence of a holy, loving fear in our intercourse with God. Past fear is the smoothest pillow on which the head of the dying can rest.

Prudence and religion are above accidents, and draw good out of everything. Affliction makes a wise man patient, strong and enduring. Providence, like a wise father, brings us up to labor, toil, and danger; whereas the indulgence of a fond mother makes us weak and spiritless.

The great secret of giving advice successfully is to mix with it something which implies a real consciousness of the adviser's own defects; and as much as possible of an acknowledgement of the other party's merits. Most advisers sink both; and hence the failure which they meet with and deserve.

Money is a right good thing, and no sensible man will turn up his nose at it. It brings comfort and leisure, and Solomon says that in leisure there is wisdom. Money promotes domestic tranquility, and that is the biggest and best thing I know of. But it ought to be hard to get, so that its real value may be appreciated—it has to be earned to be prized. No money is safe, except that made by honest men.

TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE.

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-sworn steadfast oath,
And to thy heart be true thy heart;
What thy soul teachers learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part;
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,
And let thy feet be lured to stray
Nowhither, but be swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way,
Until at last the end is won,
And thou may'st look back from thy place
And see thy long day's journey done.

A WIFE'S REVENGE.

The autumn day was crisp and clear, and a pretty basket phaeton stood before the Ransford cottage, the spirited little bay pawing the ground restlessly, as though impatient to be gone. Within, Mrs. Ransford stood drawing on her driving gloves, a wistful expression on her proud, dark face that seemed quite unusual to it.

"I would so much like to have you go, Norman," she was saying. "The day is just perfect, and Redwing was never in better spirits, as you can see," with a glance through the window at the impatient pony. "But I shall not enjoy the drive alone."

"Get one of your friends to go with you, then," replied the gentleman, in a tone so absent and preoccupied as to seem almost cold. "If it was not for that imperative engagement down street this afternoon I should go, of course. But business before pleasure, you know," and he bit off the end of a fresh cigar as he consulted his watch, "Can't you find some one else to keep you company in your drive, Louise?"

"I shall not try," she answered, bravely suppressing the piteous quiver of her lips. "If my husband refuses to accompany me, I shall not ask elsewhere."

And without waiting for his reply, she hastily swept out to the waiting phaeton.

Norman Ransford immediately followed to assist her into it, but when he reached the gate she had already seated herself and gathered up the reins. The next instant, with a little half nod of good-bye to her husband, she had driven off.

"She is angry," he thought, watching the airy little phaeton bowl smoothly down the pleasant street, "and hurt. There were tears in her eyes just now, and Louise don't often shed them. By Jove, it is a mean business to play the traitor to a wife like that!"

And he stood leaning over the gate, actually forgetting to resume the cigar whose red spark was dying out as he held it in his hand, looking after the wife who loved him so well, and almost tempted to call her back and join in her drive.

But it was too late now. She was already beyond hearing. So the half-repentant husband turned back to the house, not ill-pleased to have it so, for the appointment that he had mentioned was one very dear to his heart, and a few minutes later saw him on his way to keep it.

"Oh, Norman, I really thought you were never coming!"

This was the greeting that met him as he familiarly entered an elegant little boudoir within a stone's throw of one of the popular theatres. And the speaker, a dark, foreign-looking girl, with rich red lips and great black eyes of liquid beauty, rose from her languid position on the sofa and threw herself into his arms as though perfectly certain of his love.

"Ah, Carita, Carita!" he murmured passionately, folding his arms closely about the girl's lithe form and pressing his lips again and again to those beautiful red ones held up so temptingly.

Where now was that indifference which had chilled the heart of his loving and lovely wife only a short half hour ago? Gone, as it always was at a look or a touch from this enchantress. And what was she? Merely a dancer belonging to the theatre near by, whose name was already smirched with dishonor.

Yet, while Louise Ransford drove in solitude along the beautiful country roads, her heart swelling with the loneliness thus forced upon her, her husband was pleasantly passing the time in this woman's society, smiling at her rapid, impassioned speeches which he often fondly checked by closing the red lips with a kiss.

"Ah, Norman, why should we wait at all?"

The dark, bewitching face was hidden on his shoulder, and his arms clasped the lithe, yielding form, as those seductive lips put the sudden question.

"Will it be easier to leave a month or a year hence than now? And if not, why—to-day is ours. To-morrow—ah! we knew not what may arise to separate us then."

"To-day is ours!"

Norman started. Yes, Louise was out of the way until dark, he was sure. In that time he could make what few arrangements he cared to, and they could easily get away on the late afternoon train.

He had not dreamed of taking this decisive step so soon, but since he had dreamed of it at all, as well go now as any other time. Yes, they would go.

The early dusk had fallen over Norman Ransford's home. A bright fire glowed in the open grate, and the pretty little parlor, lit by that alone, never looked more home like or inviting. Mrs. Ransford entered it, looking flushed from her drive in the cool, crisp air, but with that wistful, troubled expression not yet gone from her charming face.

Almost the first thing upon which her glance fell was a white envelope lying upon the table. She took it up, carelessly at first, walking over to the grate to read it by the firelight, but a low, smothered cry escaped her lips as she read on to the end. It was a note from her husband, cruelly brief and business-like, informing her that he had left home forever, and urging her to forget him, as he was unworthy of her love.

Mrs. Ransford sank down in a large arm chair that stood before the grate, utterly faint, and white as a snow drift, and there the servant found her when she came in to light the lamps.

"Don't, Mary!" she exclaimed, shudderingly, lifting her hand with a swift, shrinking gesture, as though dreading the light. "The firelight is all I care for. Don't disturb me again this evening!"

The girl wonderingly obeyed, and for hours Mrs. Ransford sat there, just as she had returned from the drive, her elbow resting on the cushioned arm of the chair, and her white cheek supported by her gloved hand, gazing straight before her into the glowing grate. Her fur-lined cloak had been loosened and thrown back, but the wide hat with its elegant, drooping plumes, still shaded her face.

It was a dark, proud face, as shown by the firelight, brooding over her bitter wrongs; a beautiful face, with character and purpose shown in the clear, decided contour of brow and chin, despite the softness suggested by the rich olive of the rounded cheeks, and the dark, deep southern eyes which looked as though they could love passionately, or hate bitterly, to the end.

"I will be revenged. I swear it!" she said, at last, clenching her gloved hand with passionate force, while those deep, dark eyes glowed dangerously in the dusk. "She has stolen my husband—ruined my life. As sure as there is a God in heaven, she shall suffer for it!"

A few days later her servants were dismissed, her pretty cottage closed and Louise Ransford started forth upon her errand of vengeance.

Of course the town rang with the news of Ransford's flight with the danseuse, for it was once at guessed that they had gone together. But none had dared to question the deserted wife, who, in such proud silence, had quietly gone about making arrangements for her departure and then had suddenly disappeared from their midst.

* * * * * * *

The sun, high in the heavens, sent his glances of light down into the pine-scented canon, where a rough but stirring mining settlement had taken root and flourished.

The train from the east had just passed through, and the attention of many was curiously turned to the elegant figure of a lady in a gray traveling suit and closely veiled, who had stepped off the train and was making her way daintily down the main thoroughfare leading to the heart of the settlement.

Presently she came upon a group of men gathered around the open doorway of a cabin standing a few paces back from the street. They were talking in low, subdued tones, with an air of earnest interest, but the lady did not at first notice any unusual excitement.

She hesitated an instant, then gently touched the arm of the man who stood nearest to her with the point of her parasol.

"Pardon me, sir," she began, in a low, sweetly-modulated voice, "but can you tell me—"

She did not finish, for, as the man turned toward her, the look of awe on his rough, sunburned face struck her with wonder, and, involuntarily, she stepped forward among them to learn the cause of it.

Through the open door she saw the lifeless figure of a woman laid out upon a couch within a plain but neatly furnished room, and a lovely two-year-old child sobbing piteously beside it. Two or three rather coarse looking women who were moving about the room seemed either too busy or too callous to attend to the grief of the lonely little creature.

"What's goin' to become o' the young un?" said one of the men at the door, in a stage whisper. "That's what I'd like ter know."

"Where is the woman's husband?" asked the strange lady, speaking for the first time, as if inspired with a sudden interest in the scene.

"Husband!" echoed the man, a perceptible sneer in his voice. "Well, ma'am, I reckon as how he ain't her husband much more'n I be; but if ye mean that kid's father, why he's gone over the range prospectin', and ain't liable to be back for a month to come."

"Poor little thing!" said the woman, softly, her woman's heart—and it was a lonely one—thrilling with pity for the motherless babe, "I have no children; I am almost tempted to take it myself."

And she went over to the sobbing child, throwing back her thick veil, as she did so, and disclosing a clear, dark face of such proud beauty that every one of the little group thrilled with surprise and admiration.

"What is your name, dearie?" she asked, with exquisite tenderness, putting her arms about the little one and drawing her close to her breast.

The child looked up in wonder.

"Normie," she lisped, in her sweet baby tongue, checking her sobs as the beautiful lady kissed her and soothed her grief.

At the sound of that name Louise Ransford, for it was she, put the child from her with a sudden agonized gesture, and went and stood beside the couch, looking down upon the face of the dead.

"Who was she?"

The question came from her lips in a sort of gasp. Yet she knew, even before the answer came, for the dark, seductive beauty of that face, when in life, had not been unfamiliar to her.

The female attendants, in their garrulous fashion, told her all they knew of the dead woman's story. When it was ended the wronged wife knew, beyond all doubt, that the woman whose Nemesis she had sworn to be was lying dead before her.

She had ruptured a blood vessel while waltzing the previous night at one of those "flash" parties which she liked to frequent, and which she never dared to attend when "Mr. Norman" was at home.

As she listened to this story her hand had unconsciously strayed to the hilt of a sharp and slender Italian dagger, concealed beneath her traveling sacque, her faithful companion during the three years in which she had untiringly tracked this guilty woman with her vow of vengeance.

A fierce anger thrilled her breast when she first saw how fate had robbed her of her victim. But, gazing down upon the still, white face of her dead rival, whose dangerous fascinations were now forever powerless, softer feelings began to stir in her heart, and she thanked God for having saved her from her own wicked purpose.

"Well, ma'am," broke in the voice of the miner, who had seemed interested in the child's future, "hev ye made up yer mind yit whether ye're goin' to cotton to this 'ere young kid?"

Louise started; her bosom was torn by a thousand conflicting emotions. For a moment she was silent, battling with her own heart. Then, as a long, shuddering sigh broke over her white lips, she answered quietly:

"Yes, I will take the child."

She handed the man a plain white card upon which she had pencilled her address.

"When the father returns," she said, "give him this. It will tell him where he may find his child."

We are back at the Ransford cottage. Norman Ransford is there, and, despite the care worn lines on his face, the light of a great happiness rests upon it, while the beautiful dark eyes of his wife are soft and brilliant as stars. There has been a long, long talk, and all is at last forgiven.

"But one thing more, Louise," says her husband, with a motion of his hand toward dark-eyed little Norma, who is playing near them. "I am willing to do anything—everything—for her welfare, only—don't let us keep her here."

"Why, surely you love your child, Norman?" she asked, with gentle reproach.

"Yes, but—and the gesture which finished the sentence eloquently tells the story of his remorse and shame.

"I understand," says Louise, softly. "But I love the child for her own sake, and I shall keep her with me."

And, to herself, she adds:

"He can never look upon that innocent, lovely little face without remembering the great sin of his life. And if I still cared for it, that would, indeed, be my surest and sweetest revenge."

A Lady Detective.

"What have you in that basket?" said a sprightly, middle-aged woman to a lady who had just come off the ferry steamer in Windsor. The speaker was Miss Thomson, who is employed by the Canada Customs Department to watch that no smuggling goes on among the fair sex. She was dressed in a neat-fitting suit of black material, and a black straw hat, with an enormous black feather, adorned her head. The person whom she addressed was a rather large woman, or at least appeared to be, and carried in her hand a basket full of plums, on which she paid the duty. As she was leaving the office Miss Thomson thought that the woman's figure did not appear to be exactly natural, and called her back. The two women went into a room at the rear of the office, and in a few minutes Miss Thomson appeared lugging a good-sized ham and nearly a peck of plums, which were confined in a linen bag. As the articles were perishable, they were not confiscated, and the woman was allowed to pay the regular duty and take them away. As the woman walked out of the door her form seemed to be considerably diminished from what it was a few minutes before when she entered the office.

"Scarcely a day passes but what some person is brought into the office and searched," said Miss Thomson.

"Is smuggling carried on more extensively among the women than among the opposite sex?" asked a reporter who happened to be present at the time.

"In the way of bringing over articles that are not very bulky the women do the most of it. It is astonishing what an amount of goods can be concealed by a woman who is up to the smuggling game."

"What articles are smuggled most?"

"Sugar tea and groceries in general. Candies are also smuggled extensively. In fact, nearly every thing which can be handily concealed and which can be purchased cheaper in Detroit than in Windsor is smuggled."

Miss Thomson is stationed most of the time at Windsor, but every few weeks pays a two or three days visit to Amherstburg and Walkerville.

An Alpine Echo.

The keeper of the chalet, writes a tourist in Switzerland, had a small mortar, which he fired off at our request. Ten distinct echoes came back. From deep and awful silence these innumerable peaks seemed aroused into sudden and almost angry life. Report after report, like the rapid discharge of a whole park of artillery, thundered through the clear air.

At length the echoes, one by one, sank slowly away, and I thought all was over. Fainter and fainter they grew, till nothing but a low rumbling sound was heard in the distance, when suddenly without warning or preparation, there was a report like the blast of the last trumpet. I instinctively clasped my hands to my ears in affright. It came from the distant Wetterhorn, and rolled and rattled and stormed through the mountains until it seemed as if the very peak was loosened from its base, and all were falling and crushing together.

It was absolutely terrific. Its fearful echo had scarcely died away before the avalanches which the sudden jar had loosened began to fall. Eight fell in almost as many minutes. The thunder of one blended with the thunder of another, till one continuous roar passed along the mountains. The thunder ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and the deep, awful silence that followed was painful; and my imagination painted those falling masses of snow and ice as half-conscious monsters, crushed to death in the deep ravines.

Bleached Bangs.

A reporter dropped into a "hair manufactory" a few days ago and had a rather interesting little talk with the lady in charge. A show case occupied one side of the neatly furnished room This case was full of things made of hair, and at one end was a collection of curious little instruments. The contents of the show case were described to him in terms which fell meaningless upon his ear. Wigs and toupees, and fronts, and waves, and switches, and knots, and bangs, and Langtry's, and curls, and sides and backs, and half a dozen other choice selections and styles of hair were rattled off. Some of the hair was coarse and some fine as silk, with intermediate grades. Some was straight as a poker, while some was kinky and other was curly. Every color from a raven black to flaxen was represented, not omitting some very flashy red curls.

"Where do we get the hair?" said the lady. "We buy it sometimes in the rough and make it up to suit orders, and some we purchase already made up, in the expectation of being able to fit it to customers. I don't know where it comes from originally, but much of it is imported. I am told that in some countries girls sell their luxurious tresses, but that would hardly fill the market, as in those countries where a girl will sell her hair the color is generally the same. I mean by that that you will find in some countries that everybody has dark hair, while in others flaxen is the ruling shade. The intermediate colors must be secured from other sources. I suppose some of the shades are produced by dyeing or bleaching the dead hair."

"Can red hair be produced from any other color by dyeing or bleaching?" asked the scribe.

"Oh, no," replied the artist in capillary treasures, "red hair is red hair always. Anybody who has red hair when he or she is born has it when death closes up the earthly career, unless the head is kept shaved and a wig worn. Once red-headed, alway red-headed."

The scribe diffidently asked: "Is there much bleaching of hair practiced by the ladies in the city?"

"Bless your innocent heart, yes," was the startling response. "Why, where do you suppose all the blondes come from? Not that blondes are fashionable now, you know, but a year or two ago every woman who didn't have red hair and who wanted to put on style, bleached her cranium covering to a flaxen hue, and blossomed as a blonde. Nowadays the semi-brunette is in order, and the blondes of last year now have hair, bordering on the red, a rich auburn-brown tint, if I may so call it. This is secured from light hair by coloring and from darker hair by bleaching. The process is very delicate, and there is danger in getting a parti-colored top-knot instead of the tint desired."

"Do ladies bleach their eyebrows and lashes also?" hazarded the reporter.

The lady gazed at the scribe with speechless contempt a moment and then burst forth:

"Bleach them? Of course not. Why don't you know that light eyebrows and lashes are a terror to women. No matter how light the hair is the eye fixings must be dark—the darker the better."

Then the scribe remembered having noticed many blondes with dark brows and eyelashes, and having wondered how the difference in color happened. He was informed that ladies have delicate paints and brushes, with which they lay on the dark tints, even going so far as to use a liquid called "hohl" with which to darken the eyelids and give a languishing expression to the eyes. "Of course all this injures the hair and the eyes, but a fashionable woman don't care about little things of that sort. We import much of the bleaching liquids, as the mixtures made in this country do not do the work well. I have many customers who keep their bleaching and dye stuffs here, and who come regularly to have their hair done up."

Literary Reputation.

Literary reputation after death is something so unstable that the best minds in every age have been misled by the claims of their contemporaries to a place on "fame's eternal bead-roll." It is questionable whether Chaucer or Shakespeare ever gave a thought to the perpetuity of their names. Modern commentators on these poets have argued from their characters and writings more things than these worthies ever dreamed of. They were simply men of genius, without one trace of self-consciousness which now seems to be so closely allied with all intellectual power. There is no trace of effort in the work of these early giants of English literature; none of their productions smell of the lamp and none have that undertone of unappreciation which is the retrain of so many of our modern bards. These men were head and shoulders above even the brilliant company in which they moved, yet it took more than two hundred years to bring the world to fairly estimate their intellectual stature. The Elizabethan age was the golden age in the history of literature. Genius was a common possession. Even the language felt the influence of the universal spirit and gained a richness and force unknown before and unparalleld since. Yet Shakespeare, by his own contemporaries, was underrated, and the generation which immediately followed looked upon him as at best a barbarian, whose genius ran beyond all bounds and whose richest gems were buried beneath a mass of base ore. Every age since then has seen the same curious reversal of literary judgments. The Queen Anne poets and poetasters regarded Pope as the great man of his time and predicted that he would occupy a place above Milton or any of the poets who had gone before him. The world has overthrown this claim by refusing even to perpetuate the measure which the author of the "Essay on Man" spent a lifetime in bringing to such admirable perfection. In turn, his weaker imitators were lauded to the skies, and it was only after the middle of the eighteenth century that nature once more supplanted art in poetry and other literature, and that the genius of the great master of Elizabethan verse was fully recognized.

In our own day many cases of faulty judgment of literary reputation may be cited. American literature—not to go any further—furnishes a long list. Nothing is more dreary than to read the notices of celebrities, each of whom is given many pages in Duyckinck's imposing cyclopedia. Nine-tenths of them are not even known by name to-day, except by special students of our literature. Their works are unread because they are unreadable. They belong as wholly to another age as though they had lived when the Pyramids were built and had cut their effusions in hieroglyphics. No change in literary fashions can ever rehabilitate them any more than a mummy can be restored to life outside of Cherbuliez's charming romance. Even the great reputations which inspired awe in our minds when we were young have strangely dwindled. Washington Irving is about the only author of his time who has kept his hold on the reading public. His charming style and his keen sense of humor will always make him a classic, despite his many antiquated features. Of the remainder it may be truly said that literature has been benefitted by their demise; but their speedy extinction suggests the painful query whether the close of the twentieth century will not see many of the present reigning literary favorites relegated to the same limbo of forgetfulness. Much of the vogue of a large part of the best-known foreign and American literary men of to day depends upon their appeal to moods and feelings which are as subject to change as the cut of one's garments. The poetry of Clough and Rossetti will probably be unintelligible to the twentieth century man who has a sound mind in the body of an athlete and to whom doubt and despondency will be as foreign as they were to the Greek in the heroic age.

Dreams and Dreamers.

Dreams are in the main referred by the savage to the entrance into him of some outside spirit—as among the Feejeeans, who believe that the spirit of a living man will leave the body to trouble sleeping folk—or to the real doings of himself. When the Greenlander dreams of hunting, or fishing, or courting, he believes that the soul quits the body; the Dyarks, of Borneo, think that during sleep the soul sometimes remains in the body or travels far away, being endowed, whether present or absent, with conditions which in waking moments are lacking. Wherever we find a low state of mental development the like belief exists. In Mr. Thurnim's elaborate work on the Indians of Guiana we have corroborative evidence the more valuable because of its freshness. He tells us that the dreams which come to the Indian are to him as real as any of the events of his walking life. To him dream acts and waking acts differ only in one respect, namely, that the former are done only by the spirit the latter are done by the spirit in its body. Seeing other men asleep, and afterward hearing from them the things which they suppose themselves to have done when asleep, the Indian has no difficulty in reconciling that which he hears with the fact that the bodies of the sleepers were in his sight and motionless throughout the time of supposed action, because he never questions that the spirit, leaving the sleepers, played their part in dream adventures.

In the Shandinavian Vatnsdela Saga there is a curious account of three Finns who were shut up in a hut for three nights and ordered by Ingimund, a Norwegian Chief, to visit Iceland and inform him of the line of the country where he has to settle. Their bodies become rigid and they sent their sons on their errand, and on their awakening, at the end of three days, gave an accurate account of the Vatnsdal, in which Ingimund ultimately dwelt. No wonder that in mediæval times, when witches swept the air and harried the cattle, swooning and other forms of insensibility were adduced in support of the theory of soul absence—or that we find among savages—as the Tejals of the Luzon Islands—objections to waking a sleeper, lest the soul happens to be out of the body. As a corollary to this belief in soul absence, fear arises lest it be prolonged to the perial of the owner, and hence a rough-and-ready theory of the cause of disease is framed, for savages rarely die in their beds. That disease is a derangement of functions, interrupting their natural action and carrying attendant pain as its indication, could not enter the head of the uncivilized; and, indeed, among ourselves a cold or fever is commonly thought of as an entity in the body which has stolen in, and, having been caught, must be somehow expelled. With the universal primitive belief in spiritual agencies everywhere inhaled with the breath or swallowed with the food or drink, all diseases were regarded as their work, whether, as remarked above, through undue absence of the rightful spirit or subtle entrance of some hostile one. If these be the causes to which sickness are due, obviously the only cure is to get rid of them, and hence the sorcerer and the medicine man find their services in request in casting out the demon by force, or enticing him by cajolery, or in bringing back the truant soul.

Vote for President.

It is estimated that the popular vote for President this year will be about 10,500,000. The vote in 1880, using round figures, was 9,220,000, in a total population of 49,371,000, and in a male population of the voting age reported at roundly 12,571,000 for the 38 States. The population of the States will be in November next above 56,000,000, in the eight Territories and the District of Columbia very nearly 1,000,000, making for the whole country a grand total of 57,000,000. Now, if a population of 49,874,000 in the States includes a voting population of 12,571,000, a population of 57,000 000 contains a voting population of nearly 14,280,000, or that number of men possessing the legal age of voting.

Life in the Desert.

The limit of population in the arid region is an interesting question. That part of the United States west of the line drawn north and south at a point 200 miles east of Denver, and reaching to the Sierra Nevada mountains, is so destitute of rainfall that crops cannot be raised, as a rule, without irrigation. This fact makes the conditions of its development very different from those of the rest of the country. The laws of growth that govern there cannot be applied here. In forecasting our future we are, therefore, almost without the aid of experience. It is true that the arid countries in the vicinity of the Mediterranean have sustained dense populations. It is also true that in the portion of Mexico where irrigation is necessary, very large numbers of people manage to exist. But these experiences are not worth much as guides to us in determining what will be the result of our Anglo-Saxon civilization upon the vast and dry interior of the continent.

Throughout our mountains and plains the nutritious grasses, which the dry seasons mature into hay upon the stalk, furnish great grazing resources, but the population that can be thus sustained must be comparatively small. It takes so much range to maintain a single animal, and when this limit is reached the increase of the herds must come to a halt. Agriculture will be circumscribed by the scarcity of irrigation water. If the latter could be had in unlimited quantities it would be safe to predict that all our tillable land will be eventually put under cultivation, and that our rural population will one day be as dense as that of France. But the water is not to be had after all allowances are made for possible improvements; after the entire flow of the streams has been saved in reservoirs; after experience has discovered the most economical way to use water; after all there will only be a fraction of the available arid land under tillage. Vast areas must always be left untouched, which will be good only for pastoral purposes.

While immense crops of potatoes can be raised without irrigation, when all the little patches of soil in the mountains are tilled, it is yet evident that our home market will ultimately absorb all that home agriculture can produce, however much the latter may run ahead temporarily. As the mines develop and manufacturing looms up, we will come to consume much more than our farmers can raise. The arid region must depend for its hope for a large population upon its ability to manufacture for the agricultural States to the east of us. It must hold the same relation to them that New England has long held to the West and South. Of course the ebb and flow of mining will always furnish a large but transitory population. But manufacturing is almost as permanent and constant as agriculture itself. It can be carried very far and be made to sustain millions of people engaged in fabricating articles for all parts of the country. In this way it is quite possible for the arid region to sustain a population nearly as large as an equal area in humid portions of our land.

"Old Bum."

A half drunken man while walking along the street of Still Rock several nights ago saw that the opera house was lighted, and asking a boy what was going on learned that a minstrel show was cutting capers on the boards. Religious worship of a newly-imported denomination is occasionally conducted in the opera house, and this particular night quite an eminent divine was "holding his own" below the drop curtain. The half-drunken fellow went up, and, seeing no one at the door, slipped in. Just then the minister arose and began to preach. The amusement seeker went down into the pit and waited for the jokes to begin. Leaning over, he whispered to an old gentleman:

"Takes off the preacher firstrate, don't he?"

The old gentleman shook his head.

'Well, he just does.'

'Sh-e-e!' hissed the old gentleman.

'What's the matter with you, old bum? You're sick; you'd better go home.'

After awhile the preacher said a 'pretty good thing,' and the fellow laughed, reached over and punched the old gentleman. He waited for another joke, wondering at the stupidity of the audience.

'I want to say one thing before I forget it. I have preached in quite a number of cities recently, but I don't know of a town whose streets are worse than that of Little Rock.'

'That's the worst local gag I ever heard!' exclaimed the fellow, arising. 'Come on, old bum, and let's get another drink.'

An officer of the church hustled the disturber out of the house, but during the remainder of the discourse the congregation looked on the old gentleman with suspicion and a lady leader of a temperance organization turned up her nose at him.

The Watch.

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plumments of lead." The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and being wound up twice a day they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass, the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than $1,500, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

Deaf mutes converse by means of signs, because actions speak louder than words.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., OCT. 1, 1884.

WHAT AN IMPARTIAL REVIEW OF THE FIELD SHOWS.

Blaine Sure of only One Hundred and Twenty-Four Electors.

New York, Sept. 22.—Gov. Cleveland has gained great strength with the people during the last two weeks, and the good Republicans at headquarters admit as much. While the Republicans are working for dear life in Ohio and West Virginia, the Democrats are making certain of New York, and at headquarters to-night the greatest confidence was entertained of 50,0000 majority in the Empire State for Cleveland, while many heavy bets have been made on 75,000. The *Post* correspondent to-day interviewed a number of national Democrats on the chances of gaining Pennsylvania's 30 votes for Cleveland. One and all said they did not think any such a thing possible unless the Republicans should be swamped in Ohio and West Virginia next month; and even then they thought it doubtful. In spite of this Speaker Carlisle is positive that Pennsylvania will go for Cleveland, and less than a week since the writer almost had a quarrel with that distinguished son of the Keystone State, Samuel J. Randall, for leaving Pennsylvania out of the Democratic column while making certain estimates based on the electoral vote by states. Mr. Randall and Mr. Carlisle were both sincere and earnest in their claims, and while they did not succeed in making the National Democratic Committee enthusiastic converts they did at least nothing to cast a shadow.

THE FIGHT IN OHIO.

The great fight at present is in Ohio for October. At Republican headquarters the slogan is: "We *must* carry Ohio," and the inference is plain that Republican national success depends upon it, and in the event of losing the state next month, or merely saving it by a scant majority, the Republicans understand that Blaine will not be chosen. And herein lies the greatest difficulty of the Republicans in this campaign—they cannot sit down and look calmly on any one State in the Union as safe for Mr. Blaine. Granting Blaine California, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wisconsin, he has only 124 votes of the needed 202, and he must carry Illinois (22), New York (36) and Ohio (23) in order to win. He has no surety of getting Wisconsin's 11 votes. It is very generally conceded that Cleveland will carry the solid South, with its 135 votes and the Democrats look on these figures as reliable to build their column upon. Added to the South he is conceded New Jersey with 9 votes, and Governor Hendricks has never yet failed to carry Indiana, with 15 votes. In Michigan the fusion, Democrats and other parties against the Republicans, will surely win on a basis of a division of the electoral vote—7 for Cleveland and 6 for Butler. Thus it is that Mr. Cleveland is granted 190 votes, and with Wisconsin he would win without New York, Ohio and Illinois. Blaine's managers are not in a position to name a State they can do without, save those positively and unwaveringly Democratic, which they will of necessity be compelled to do without.

READ THIS ADVERTISEMENT.

Adrian, Michigan, Jan. 31, '81.

Have sold the goods many years, and they give the best satisfaction. We had an order for 3 large bottles Downs' Elixir last week to be sent to Woodland, Cal.

J. R. BENNETT & Co., Druggists.

The goods referred to in foregoing letter are N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment. For sale at Murray's. oct

MRS. MORRILL AND MRS. BLAINE.

[St. Louis Spectator.]

Mrs. Blaine gave fine entertainments in Washington and had money to lavish in all directions, but Mrs. Morrill and her husband had nothing but his salary and they could not afford to entertain like the Blaines. One day Mrs. Blaine was so indiscreet as to say to Mrs. Morrill while they were both at Washington: "Why don't you take a fine house like I have and do some entertaining?" That made Mrs. Morrill very angry. She went home and said to her husband: "Why don't you steal?" He was shocked almost beyond expression, but managed to ask her what she meant. "I mean this," she said, "to-day Mrs. Blaine asked me why we didn't take a house and entertain like she has done. I now repeat, why don't you steal?" Mr. Morrill had no difficulty in knowing what that meant and from that day until this Mrs. Morrill and Mrs. Blaine have not spoken to each other.

OCTOBER

is a good month for merchants to examine their stock of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine and include a winter's supply in their next order. The people have found out by experience that it can be relied on in all cases of croup, whooping cough, colds, and lung troubles of any nature, and will have it. A good article draws trade while worthless preparations drive it away. It should be a source of satisfaction to a dealer as well, to know he is giving good honest value for money received.

Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
1oct2 Philadelphia Agents.

We have received from the publishers Ayer & Son's Newspaper Annual for '84. It contains a carefully prepared list of all newspapers and periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by States in geographical sections, and by towns in alphabetical order. Other statistics of importance to the large advertiser are given. It has a list of the cities, towns and villages of the United States having a population of five thousand and upward, arranged in alphabetical order. It is unequalled for fullness, correctness, compactness, variety and value of contents, and free from favoritism or prejudice. Price $3, carriage paid.

A weak back, with a weary aching lameness over the hips is a sign of diseased kidneys. Use the best kidney curative known, which is Burdock Blood Bitters.

HOW TO SAVE THE DROWNING.

It may be well just now to make some suggestions to residents at the seashore in regard to the proper course to be pursued in cases of danger by drowning, and, in the first place, to offer a few words of advice to those who may be called on to swim to the aid of persons struggling in the water. It is most important that the drowning person be assured in a cheery voice that he is safe, and urged to cease struggling, for the more he struggles the more water he swallows, and the more dangerous it is to attempt a rescue. It is sheer madness to seize a man struggling in the water, for he will blindly grasp his would-be rescuer and drag him down; but when he has become quiet, the swimmer should catch him by the hair of head, turn him quickly on his back, giving him a sudden pull, which will cause him to float, and then start for the shore. Those who have tried this plan say that it is very easy of execution, and instances are on record where one man has swum ashore with four persons whose hair he grasped and whom he then threw on their backs. In case of a strong out setting tide the rescuer should, however, throw himself on his back and float until help arrives, for he will soon exhaust himself by battling against the current, and it may be said in passing that a lone swimmer when caught by the undertow will do far better to float than to wear himself out in uninterrupted struggling for the shore. When a body has sunk to the bottom, and bubbles indicate that life is not extinct, a person may dive in the direction indicated by the bubbles, but he should seize the hair with one hand only, using the other in conjunction with the feet in raising both himself and the drowning person to the surface. When the rescued person has been landed, the first thing in order is to arouse him by wiping his body dry and by slapping smartly the stomach and chest. The jaws should be separated if they are clenched, and kept apart with a cork or a small piece of wood; the person should be turned on his face, and the stomach kneaded as long as the water flows from the mouth. Then the throat should be wiped with a rolled handkerchief, and the patient turned on his back with the pit of the stomach elevated above the rest of the body. The waist should then be squeezed with great pressure, as if to force the contents of the chest into the mouth, and suddenly let go. This process which is an imitation of natural breathing, should be repeated at momentary intervals, but with regularity, until the person's breath is restored; but if satisfactory results do not follow after three or four minutes, the patient should be again turned on his stomach (but in the opposite direction from before) for the purpose of expelling any water remaining in the air passages. Then the artificial respiration should be resumed and continued until the patient revives or until death is beyond doubt. The process of drying and rubbing should be all the while continued, soon after the breath returns. These simple rules are old, but every one who reads them may this very summer have cause to put them in practice.

FEUDALISM IN CHINA.

In the first place it is very remarkable that the Chinese originally lived under a feudal system. The country consisted of several States (seven in number), over each of which there was a local lord, under whom there were lesser chiefs holding lands by sub-infeudation. The States were federated under one lord as emperor, who had some territory in his own direct administration. Several dynasties of emperors really represented the headship of a feudal confederation. Under this feudalism there arose many of the ancient heroes, statesmen and sages of China, while many of its characteristic marks were stamped upon the civilization, the institutions and the habits of the Chinese. This system was destroyed two hundred years before the Christian era by a sovereign who has been very properly styled the Chinese Cæsa, and who established a real empire to last for centuries.

At times this empire became disunited, to be again united; but feudalism was superseded by the appointment of provincial governor and district magistrates. From time to time censors were deputed by the central authority for peripatetic supervision. For the central authority itself something like a constitution was established, in which the leading feature was a council of state, and several department boards. The civil legislation was voluminous; the penal code was comprehensive in scope, and lucid in arrangement; the moral precepts were definite, and the religious ritual minute. There were codes for all branches of human conduct and relationship. The official deference paid to literature has hardly been equalled in any other age or country; the lettered classes in their capacity as *literati* formed a power which could make revolutions, and which emperors on their accession were obliged to conciliate. The patronage of letters and the preparations of chronicles ranked high among public duties. A kind of rude printing with wooden types was invented at an early time; public libraries on an immense scale were maintained; tribunal of history, and an official gazette was instituted. Extraordinary attention was paid to popular education; the central college were among the most influential institutions of the land.

There is nothing like Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to quickly cure a cold or relieve hoarseness. Written by Mrs. M. J. Fellows, Burr Oak, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

A YOUNG GIRL'S FOLLY.

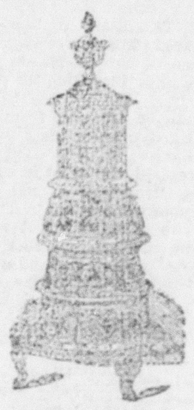
Stealing $60,000 for the Purpose of Eloping With Her Lover.

Boston, Sept. 22.—Sadie Robinson, a 12 year old girl of Framingham, on Friday, packed her valise with diamonds and negotiable bonds to the amount of $60,000 belonging to her mother, a wealthy lady, and started for Boston to meet a young man, to elope with him. She was arrested, Saturday, and the girl taken home. Sadie's mind has been filled with nonsensical ideas about runaway marriages. When charged with stealing the valuables she at first indignantly denied it, but subsequently confessed. She said that on Friday morning she took the valise with her when she went to school and had given it to a woman. She told a blood-curdling story of having her life threatened unless she complied with the demand for money. She said she met a woman in Albany station and gave her the valise containing valuables. The valise and valuables were recovered in a drug store where Sadie had left them, promising to call for them to-day.

Miss Sarah D. Trezlyulny, who died in Bellefonte the other Tuesday at the age of 81 years, was the daughter of a Polish nobleman who fled from his native country in 1791.

Centre Hall

STOVE EMPORIUM



J. A. REESMAN

HAS JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT OF STOVES IN THE COUNTY.

Nickel Plated and Plain, Ranges, Coal Stoves, Heaters,

AND EVERY STYLE OF STOVE, LARGE AND SMALL, PLAIN AND FANCY, AT ALL PRICES, AND IN TRUTH

The Cheapest Stoves

IN THE COUNTY. HIS PRICES ARE DOWN TO ROCK BOTTOM, SO THAT IT WILL PAY NO ONE TO PURCHASE STOVES ELSEWHERE.

☞CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF octtlf

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

		WESTWARD.			
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20	p	m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 20	a	m
"	"	Montandon	5 40	a	m
"	"	Williamsport	7 20	a	m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57	a	m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25	a	m
"	"	Renovo	9 35	a	m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00	p	m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30	a	m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10	a	m
"	"	Montandon	10 39	a	m
"	"	Williamsport	11 45	a	m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 45	p	m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40	a	m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25	a	m
"	"	Montandon	1 32	a	m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 55	p	m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55	p	m
"	"	Renovo	5 05	p	m
"	"	Kane	9 25	p	m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05	p	m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 10	p	m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25	p	m
"	"	Montandon	5 50	p	m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10	p	m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 05	p	m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15	p	m
		EASTWARD.			
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00	a	m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29	a	m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10	a	m
"	"	Montandon	9 20	a	m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30	a	m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15	p	m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 00	a	m
"	"	Renovo	10 05	a	m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15	a	m
"	"	Williamsport	12 25	p	m
"	"	Montandon	1 56	p	m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 48	p	m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25	p	m
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	1 55	p	m
"	"	Renovo	10 40	p	m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45	p	m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00	a	m
"	"	Montandon	2 05	a	m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20	a	m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50	a	m
WMPT ACN	leaves	Renovo	3 40	p	m
"	"	Williamsport	6 35	p	m
"	"	Lock Haven	7 00	p	m
"	"	Montandon	7 49	p	m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25	p	m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05	a	m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Agent.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward.				
	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Montandon.....	9.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar..	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv..	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground....	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl.....	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg.....	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg.....	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont.....	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton.....	8.33			3.40	
Coburn.....	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills,ar	10.15			ar.5.30	
	Leave Eastward.				
	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.			P.M.
Spring Mills		5.50			1.56
Coburn.....		6.18			2.20
Laurelton....		7.30			3.40
Milmont.....		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg,ar.		8.00		P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg,lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
			A.M.		
Vicksburg...		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl.....		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.36		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg,lv.	5.25	8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar.	5 40	ar.9.10	ar.10.30	ar 1.20	ar.5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.39 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

—DINGES—

I am now prepared to furnish my friends and the public in general with Groceries, Dry-Goods, Notions and all goods embraced in general Merchandise at lower prices than ever offered before in Centre Hall. I pay Cash and sell for Cash, and therefore claim I can do better for you than any one else is doing. Give me a trial.

PRODUCE WANTED.

SAW MILLS *supplied with Provisions at special rates.*

Very truly,

C. DINGES.

NEW SHOE STORE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A VERY FINE SELECTION OF

Boots, Shoes and Slippers,

OR ANYTHING ELSE IN THE BOOT AND SHOE LINE, SELLING AT UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS. HIS STOCK IS THE

Largest Best and Cheapest,

EVER BEFORE KEPT IN CENTRE HALL. CALL AND SEE. DON'T FORGET THE PLACE, IN THE HOTEL BUILDING.

JOHN MULLEN,
23aprly Centre Hall, Pa.

Whitmer & Lincoln

HAVING LEASED THE GRAIN-HOUSE OF SMITH & CO., at COBURN, PENN'A,

FOR A TERM OF YEARS ARE PREPARING TO PAY CASH FOR

WHEAT. WHEAT, WHEAT,
RYE, RYE, RYE,
BARLEY and CORN, &c.

COAL, SALT & FERTILIZER For Sale

Coburn, Pa., August 1, '84. 6aug3m

Steam

Bending Shops.

AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.

All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent bounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.

11octy J. B. REAM & SON.

Millheim Planing Mill.

Furnishes and Keeps on Hand

SASH, — DOORS,
FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
SIDING, SHUTTERS,
BLINDS,
MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,
STAIR-RAILING,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

23jly ISRAEL CONFER & SON

!!THE OLD STAND!!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics. We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF

Cloths and Cashimeres.

Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIE'S WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS,

WM. WOLF & SON.

SECOND-HAND

ENGINES FOR SALE!

ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 25 " "
ONE 18 " "

THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

Will be sold Cheap at the BELLEFONTE FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS,

23ap tf WM. P. DUNCAN & CO.

New Store.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS! LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF— DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, HARDWARE, OILS AND PAINTS, GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE, GROCERIES, COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS, EVERYTHING

KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT

—LORILLARD'S CLIMAX— PLUG TOBACCO

with Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing; Navy Clippings, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered? 6aug y.

HARDWARE.

HARDWARE.
HARDWARE

—for—

JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

—ARE SELLING—

REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPERS, REAPERS,

And all kinds o. Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, ROPE BLOCKS SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

JAS HARRIS & CO.

STEWART'S IRON-FIBER

PAINT and CEMENT,

—COLORS RED AND BROWN,—

All Ready for Use.

For painting BUILDINGS, FENCES, BRIDGES, ROOFS, &c., and for repairing and preserving ROOFS of all kinds. Guaranteed to be more durable and economical than any other paint or cement made. Send for circular to

W. H. STEWART,
3sep3m 74 Courtland St., N. Y.

WANTED! Energetic, reliable men to sell Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. SALARIES and *expenses paid. Experience not essential. Full instructions given inexperienced men.* Address, LE CLARE & HERRICK, Brighton, N. Y. *One mile east of Rochester.*

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF

Blaine By Wm. Ralston Balch, assisted by the distinguished candidate himself. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Republican party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; free trade; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of

Logan. Ours is the best, most accursie, cheapest and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once. THAYER, MERRIAM & Co., 6aug10t 833 Arch St., Philad'a

Cards—Attorneys.

J. H. ORVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of Furst's building. 20ap

JOHN BLAIR LYNN, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb tf

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

J. L. SPANGLER. C. P. HEWES
SPANGLER & HEWES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENN'A. Special attention to collections; practice in all the courts; Consultation in German and English

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower
ALEXANDER & BOWER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN KLINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA
Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7m'y84

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall. Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14adr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

Hotels.

BUSH HOUSE. W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor. The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial 29june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

CENTRE HALL HOTEL. D. J. MEYER, Prop'r. FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM. Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA. S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor. Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE. On L. & T. R. R. FINE SUMMER RESORT. Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality. TERMS REASONABLE. J. H. BIBBY, ...Proprietor SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA may1

J. C. BOAL, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer, Centre Hall, Pa. Office in Penns Valley Bank building. may7 y

J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa., Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., BELLEFONTE, PENN'A. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO., CENTRE HALL, PA. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. WM. WOLF, President W. H. MINGLE, Cashier.

BOND VALENTINE, Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission; Insures First-class Life Companies, " " Life and Accident Companies, " " Fire Companies, German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's stores, Bellefonte, Pa. 2jany

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all style

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa. Dealer In DRUGS, — DRUGS CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Cleveland** By Chauncy F. Black, Lieutenant Governor of Penn'a. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Democratic party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; revenue reform; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Hendricks.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest, and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once. THAYER, MERRIAM & CO., 6aug10t 833 Arch St., Philadelphia.

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY, 11jun tf Druggist.

The Coming President.

WANTED, one or two Ladies or Gentlemen of undoubted reference and character, willing to work eight hours per day for a six months' engagement, as Traveling Agents for "The Lives and Graves of our Presidents," to every subscriber of which book WILL BE GIVEN FREE "The Lives of the Four Candidates." Why pay from $2 to $4 for the Lives of the Candidates when you can get it free? First applicants get choice of positions. Good pay to the right party. Address, giving name of reference,

HILL & HARVEY PUBLISHING CO.,
16ju3m 55 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md

PENNSYLVANIA

STATE COLLEGE.

Fall Term begins September 10, 1884.
Examination for admission, September 9.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE: (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A recognized course in Mechanical Arts, combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8 A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information, address

GEO. W. ATHERTON, President,
1yjan9 State College, Centre Co., Pa

For Neuralgia
For Neuralgia
For Neuralgia
For Neuralgia
For Rheumatism
For Rheumatism
For Rheumatism
For Rheumatism
For a Lame Back
For a Lame Back
For a Lame Back
For a Lame Back
Doctor Thomas' Eclectric Oil
Doctor Thomas' Eclectric Oil
Doctor Thomas' Eclectric Oil
Doctor Thomas' Eclectric Oil
Doctor Thomas' Eclectric Oil

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PRICE 50c. and $1.00.
PETTIT, MILBURN & CO., Prop'r, BUFFALO, N. Y.

FOR
HELP Women MEN
WHO ARE NERVOUS AND
LACK VITAL ENERGY.

The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electro Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for Men only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without dragging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

PRICES from $4 upwards. Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.
AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., 1103 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.
Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING
NEW HOME
Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift & Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HAS NO EQUAL. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE Co
30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.
CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY
J. Q. A. Kennedy, Centre Hall, Ag't.

MEN IGNORANT OF FIRE.

Says a writer in the *American Naturalist*: I do not know of any but a single record where natives of a newly-discovered country did not know the use of fire that one case was on Island Fanua Loa, or Bodwich's Island, discovered on the 29th of January, 1841, by the U. S. S. Peacock, commanded by Captain W. H. Hudson, of the United States South Sea Surveying and Exploring Expedition.

Captain Hudson relates:

"The natives were at first very shy of the boats, but the Hawaiians who were in them soon induced them to approach, and to enter into trade, and finally enticed them alongside the ships. On coming near they began a song or chant, holding up their paddles and mats, and shouting 'kafilou tamatau.' They resembled the natives of Oatafu, or Duke of York's Island, where the same kind of mats, eye-shades and ornaments, and some were tatooed in the same manner. Some, however, were tatooed in a different style, being ornamented with a variety of arrows on the forehead and cheeks. They were all finely formed and manly in appearance, with pleasing countenances that expressed good nature.

"They were eager enough for trade, and soon disposed of all they had to exchange; a few presents were made them, but all the inducements failed to entice them on board. They appeared cheerful, laughing heartily at anything that struck them as ridiculous.

"The populaiion of the island is estimated to be about six hundred souls, most of whom dwell in the town.

"There was no signs of places for cooking, nor any appearance of fire, and it is believed that all their provisions are eate nraw. What strengthened this opinion was the alarm the natives felt when they saw the sparks emanating from the foint and steel, and the emission of smoke from the mouths of those who were smoking cigars."

The writer of this article was on board the "Peacock," and can vouch for the verity of Capt. Hudson's account of our interviews with the natives, and also that they eat their entire food without cooking, but also had the greatest dread of fire in any form. We saw no traces of charcoal or ashes in their village or town, and we fully understood them as to their food, and how it was taken. It consisted entirely of cocoanuts and pandanus fruits; fish, echini, and other products of the sea; the few sea birds mostly seen there, were not regarded as food, and even if they were, could not have been easily obtained or relied on for supplies, the population being large in proportion to the island's size.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PAPERS.

It is the fashion in England to declare that, of all the newspapers in the world, the English are the best. I have some knowledge of foreign newspapers, and I am bound to say that in certain particulars many of them are superior to ours. German and Russian newspapers need hardly be regarded, being, as they are, under a strict censorship, and in daily fear of their own lives and the liberty of writers. The Spanish press is entirely without enterprise, and very trivial, excepting when it is being made use of for the furtherance of state conspiracies. The Italian press is either trivial or venal, or both; but the French press, while inferior in the quantity and quality of its news, is far superior even to the English in respect to its comments and handling of many subjects, and especially in respect of its political leaders, some of which rise to a high level of statesmanship very rarely reached in the columns of a London newspaper. The American newspapers, again, show far greater enterprise, far greater readiness to understand and to hit the taste of the moment than the English journals. But, on the whole, and taking into account the trustworthiness of its news, the dignity (often exaggerated) of its attitude, and its entire freedom from suspicion of corruptibility by money, the English press may compare creditably with any in the world. In the search for, and the collection of news, the conductors of English newspapers have displayed very great enterprise and ability. To find out and to bring together news is not by any means so simple a matter as might be supposed. Most men do not know news when they see it; that is to say that they learn a fact or see an event pass before their own eyes without it ever occuring to them that for the rest of mankind that fact or that event is new and unexpected, and its publication calculated to satisfy their curiosity—that, in fact, it is news.

TOO MANY MAIDEN ROCKS.

By actual count there are 13,862 "Maiden Rocks" in the United States, exclusive of Idaho and Washington Territories, which are still to be heard from. These rocks are widely distributed, but there are no fewer than 650 in Michigan, 300 in Wisconsin, 180 in Iowa, 187 in Illinois, 250 in Indiana, and 567 in Vermont alone. A "Maiden Rock" is always connected with the unvarying legend that a beautiful and gentle Indian maid, daughter of a noted chief, leaped from its apex into the yawning abyss below, rather than to wed with a barbarian brave, chosen by her stern parent, or to show herself false to that other redskin upon whom the affections of her heart was set.

Largest and finest display of suiting and trousering at the Merchant Tailoring department of the Bee Hive.

THE LIMITS OF VISION.

It has been asserted that the eye of the common house fly is capable of discerning an object the five-millionth of an inch in diameter. Prof. Rogers of Cambridge says he can distinguish lines ruled in glass which are only 1-50,000 of an inch apart, simply by unaided vision. Prof. J. Le Conte, however, places the limit of human vision for good eyes at the 1-1,000 inch as the smallest distance at which two objects can be seen apart.

To appreciate the perfection of the eye as an instrument, it may be interesting to notice how the other senses would perform the same work.

For instance, if we take a pair of dividers and stick on each point a mustard seed, so that the impression on the skin shall not be too pungent, and then try on another person, whose eyes are shut, the least distance apart at which two distinct impressions can be perceived, it will be found that on the middle of the back it is about three inches; on the arm or back of the hand, about ½ to ¾ of an inch; on the palm, about ¼ of an inch; on the finger tips about 1-12 or 1-16 of an inch; and on the tip of the tongue, about 1-20 of an inch or less.

Combining human vision with the powers of the most powerful and perfect compound microscope, it is found that the limit of vision is reached when lines 146,528 to the inch are separated, and that the theoretical limit of the power to discern a single object is about 1-118,000 of an inch. This limit has been nearly but not quite reached by most perfect instruments.

When, therefore, the maximum power of human vision, backed by the most powerful and perfect microscopes, does not reach much over about one hundred thousandth of an inch, the absurdity of attributing a limit of one five millionth of an inch to any kind of unaided vision is apparent. The eyes of many insects are indeed extraordinary organs, and what we generally designate as the eye of a fly is really a compound eye, made up of hundreds and even thousands of separate lenses called ocellites. Of these the common house fly has 4,000 in the two eyes. The structure of these ocellites is well known, the optical part of each consisting of two lenses, which combined form a double convex lens. That each ocellite acts as a separate eye can be easily proved by detaching the whole of the front of the compound eye, and by manipulation with a microscope it is not difficult to examine a photograph or other object through it. When this is done a distinct image is seen in each ocellite. Dr. W. B. Carpenter has shown that each ocellite reflects but a small portion of the image looked at, and that it requires the combined action of the 4,000 lenses of the fly to produce the same effect as that seen by the one human eye. The human eye is, therefore, a far more perfect optical instrument than the eye of the fly.

Insects have besides these immense compound eyes single eyes, called ocelli. The larvæ of insects have to depend on the single eyes, the compound arrangement appearing at the later stage. As to the limit of vision of such compound eyes of insects little is certainly known. The writer of this article, who is himself well acquainted with the anatomy of insects, consulted Mr. J. D. Hyatt of Morrisania, who is a great authority on such questions, and who says:

"I have given considerable attention to the investigation of compound eyes, but have made no discovery that would lead to the conclusion that their power of vision with respect to small objects exceeds that of the simple eyes of the higher animals. The images of objects formed in the separate lenses composing the compound eye are proportionally small, and the question whether insects can see smaller objects than animals furnished with single eyes is not a question of optics, but of the sensitiveness of the optic nerve, and consequently, in the present condition of our knowledge, a matter of mere conjecture."

AN OBSTINATE ORGAN.

In a small church, at a little village near Brighton, where the congregation could not afford to pay an organist, they recently bought a self-acting organ, a compact instrument, and well suited to the purpose, and constructed to play forty different tunes. The sexton had instructions how to set it going, and how to stop it; but unfortunately, he forgot the latter part of his business, and after singing the first four verses of a hymn before the sermon, the organ could not be stopped, and it continued playing two verses more; then, just as clergyman completed the words "Let us pray," the organ clicked and started a fresh tune. The minister sat it out patiently, and then renewed his introductory words, "Let us pray," when click went the organ, and started off on another tune. The sexton and the others continued their exertions to find out the spring, but no man could put a stop to it; so they got four of the stoutest men in the church to shoulder the perverse instrument, and they carried it down the centre aisle of the church, playing away, into the churchyard, where it continued clicking and playing away until the whole forty tunes were finished.

Whatever study tends neither directly or indirectly to make us better men and citizens is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, and knowledge we acquire by it only a creditable kind of ignorance, and nothing more.

Everything new—Garmans.
Everybody says our stock is immense—Garmans.

The dwelling house, barn and all the outbuildings, except the spring house, on the farm of Thomas Grabill, in Monroe township, Juniata county, together with the grain and material in the barn and most of the household goods, were destroyed by fire on 15 ult. We learn the fire was caused from a box of matches passing through a threshing machine which was being used, and igniting the straw, which spread at once through the barn and then communicated to the house and outbuildings. The loss of Mr. Graybill is large. There was no insurance on the property.

LIKE AN OLD CREAKY WINDOW SHUTTER.

That is the way a man's rheumatic joints sometimes are. Hinges old, rusty and worn, and badly need oiling. The trouble is in the blood. A man who is of any account is worth repairing. The repairing can be done by means of Brown's Iron Bitters. That enriches and purifies the blood, drives out the pains, and works complete restoration. Thousands testify to it from happy experience. Mr. C. H. Huntley, 918 N. Sixteenth street, St. Louis, says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for rheumatism, general debility and prostration, with the best result."

On 13 ult., Harry L. Jones, of Sinking Valley, was leaning on his gun under an apple tree watching a game of base ball. A boy threw a stone into the tree for the purpose of knocking an apple. The stone in its decent struck the hammer of the gun and discharged the contents, shattering his arm and shoulder, which had to be amputated. His condition is critical.

EMINENT PHYSICIANS

connected with the principal hospitals throughout the United States report very gratifying and satisfactory results from the use of McDonald's Great Blood Purifyer in all cases of vitiated blood, emaciated condition, enfeebled digestive power, malassimilation of food, etc. But few diseases can withstand its remarkable purifying tonic, and reconstructive power.

Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. For sale by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
1y2 Philadelphia Agents.

WILL NOT BE SUPPRESSED.

[Springfield Republican.]

Congressman Belford, of Colorado, the "rip-roaring, red-headed rooster of the Rockies," has experienced a change of heart, and will run for re-election against the Republican nominee as an Independent Democratic anti-monopolist. His action is said to give Republicans out there considerable anxiety.

Cotton flannel and muslins—Garmans.
Nobby line of hats—Garmans.

CUTTING DOWN THEIR WAGES.

Harrisburg, Sept. 23.—The Fairview Nail Works and the Paxton Iron Works, of this city, and the Duncannon Iron Works, of Duncannon, posted notices tonight of a reduction of 10 per cent. in wages, to take effect on Monday, October 6. The Chesapeak Iron Works, of this city, had previously posted a similar notice. The four establishments give employment to several thousand hands, and the order causes great gloom in the community.

A disastrous fire occurred recently at Zeitown, Syria. Four hundred houses were burned.

Four men were killed by an explosion of dynamite in a cartrige factory at Lisbon.

ONLY THE SECOND JEW HANGED.

Martin Weinberger was hanged Tuesday at Pittsburg for the murder of a peddler. This is believed to be only the second instance of a Jew having been hanged in the United States. It is a very rare case when one of them is found in an almshouse. Taking the large number of Israelites in the United States, this is certainly a creditable record, and we doubt if it is equalled by any other class of peoples of equal numbers to be found in our country.

MURRAY'S
CARRIAG WORKS

CENTRE HALL, Centre Co., Penn'a,
Where are kept on hand and for sale.

—BUGGIES,
——PHAETONS,
——SPRING WAGONS,
——&c., ——&c.

Repairing done at Reasonable rates.

Buggy Tops of any style made to order, with prices according to quality. I have recently added HORSE-SHOEING to the smith department, under the supervision of a very skilled and obliging blacksmith.

19dec LEVI MURRAY.

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,

SPRING MILLS, PA

Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE &
PATENT IRON ROOFING

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

Everything in the line of

COOKING STOVES,
COAL STOVES,
& RANGES

PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!

TINWARE

of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec.y

A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

J. C. BRACKBILL W. R. BRACKBILL

Furniture and Bedding!

THE LARGEST STOCK!
THE LOWEST PRICES!

Give us a Call,------Satisfaction Guaranteed,

J. BRACKBILL'S SONS,

Spring St.,————Bellefonte, Pa.

——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges.

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX
THE PASTILLE
Prof. Harris' Radical Cure
Trade Mark
FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR
ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN
CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that 'while there is life there is hope.' They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 25, 222
The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the
HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS,
306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7.

FINEST AND BEST.
EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD
MANUFACTURED BY
J. H. BYRNES,
SECURED HAVE A FAIR.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SIAMANG KID SHOES,
THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of
MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES
in the County.
ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE
ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST
..... SHOES, ...
the Most Comfortable Shoe Made.
Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.
un4tf E. GRAHAM & SON.

COLEMAN
Business

COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—300 students from Pennsylvania in 1883. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship, $40. Write for circulars. H. COLEMAN & PALMS, Proprietors.
30july1y

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN
PROF. HARRIS' Pastille
A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHEA AND IMPOTENCY.
Tested for over 5 years by use in thousands of cases.
Free TRIAL PACKAGE.
SEND ADDRESS
HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g Chemists,
306½ North 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.
ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, $3; 2 MONTHS, $5; 3 MONTHS, $7.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and nameless obscure diseases, baffling skillful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL
Cures headaches, burns, sprains, cuts, wounds, rheumatism, toothache, blisters, &c.
Unequaled in quality at half the price, 6 oz. 25 cts. Pints (16 oz.) 50 cts. Quarts $1 per bottle.
RISLEY'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.
Valuable in the cure of ulceration and irritation of the kidneys, bladder and urethra, strangury, gravel, gleet, ghonorrhœa, leucorrhœa or whites, dropsy, pain in back, loins, &c. $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
C. F. RISLEY,
3sep3mos 64 Courtland St., New York

Agents wanted for Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest and best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free, HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland Maine. 1y

$66 a week at home. $5 outfits free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons, of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

Gold for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free a royal valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. 1y

SANITARIUM, Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures Nose, Throat, Lungs, full tides, 36 p., route, cost, free.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE. 260 pgs. Illustrated. All that the doubtful curious or thoughtful want to know. Cloth and gilt binding 50 cts. paper 25c. Marriage Guide, 144 p lic, sent sealed, money or stamps. DR. WHITTIER 202 PENN AVE. PITTSBURGH, PA. The great specialist. Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage, Consultation and Pamphlet free.

DOWNS' ELIXIR.
N. H. DOWNS'
Vegetable Balsamic
ELIXIR
For the cure of
Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Influenza, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the *Throat, Chest,* and *Lungs.* In all cases where this Elixir is used its efficacy is at once manifested, convincing the most incredulous that
CONSUMPTION
is not incurable, if properly attended to.—At its commencement it is but a slight irritation of the membrane which covers the Lungs; then an inflamation, when the cough is rather dry, local fever, and the pulse more frequent, the cheeks flushed and chills more common. This Elixir in curing the above complaints, operates so as to remove all morbid irritations and inflamation from the lungs to the surface, and finally expel them from the system. It facilitates expectoration.
It heals the ulcerated surfaces
and relieves the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and at the same time reduces the fever. It is free from strong opiate and astringent articles, which are of so drying a nature as to be in great danger of destroying the patient; whereas this medicine never dries or stops the cough, but, by removing the cause, consequently, when the cough is cured the patient is well. Send address for pamphlet giving full directions, free.
Price 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per bottle.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.
DOWNS' ELIXIR.
For sale at Murray's Drug store.

Paynes' Automatic Engines & Saw-Mill.

OUR LEADER.
We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2½-inch arbor, 3 changes feed; sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swages, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engines will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.
E. W. PAYNE & SONS,
Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers.
Elmira, N. Y. Box 1427.

BE CAREFUL.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall
Where you cannot know,
Yet in summer and shade
It will surely grow;
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the weeds will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest
By and by,
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap the wild oats to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For all the bad will grow, girls!
And the girl who now,
With a careless hand,
Is scattering thistles
Over the land,
Must know that, whatever she sows to-day,
She must reap the same to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seeds now!
And not the briers and weeds now!
That when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may have good sheaves
To carry home,
For the seed we sow in our lives to-day
Shall grow and bear fruit to-morrow.

TOM PRIMROSE.

Tom Primrose was a very good boy, as boys go. He was a bright scholar, respectful to his teacher and parents, and was generally willing, active and obedient.

What then? a pretty fair character, that, for a boy?

Yes, but he had one failing, which often caused his mother to raise her hands and shake her head sadly. He was heedless and inattentive to a degree which made it a continual trial of patience to live in the same house with him.

Every one dreaded to ask him to do anything. It was such an effort to get him started, such a fuss to make him heed directions, and it was sure to end in confusion and trouble in the end.

For instance: one evening, when the family were gathered in the sitting-room after tea—"Mamma," said little Nett, "Tom has bored a nice hole in my slate-frame, and put a string through it. Will you give me a bit of sponge to tie to the string?"

"Yes, dear; I'll hand you the scissors in a moment. Tom!"

"Yes, mamma."

"Go to my room—the window is partly open—attend now, Tom—it was opened to air the room. I want—"

"Yes, ma'am. Nett, I'll help you get out that puzzle in a minute."

"Close the window, Tom—do you hear?—open the register, and bring me the large sponge from the wash stand. Now go at once."

"Yes, yes; in just one minute."

Five minutes had passed. Tom had become absorbed in the picture of a magazine.

"Tom, did you hear what I said"

"Yes, of course I did; but do, mamma, just look at these boys fishing. Aren't they having a jolly time, though?"

Another long pause.

"Thomas! Are you going up stairs?"

The look and tone were not to be mistaken. Tom left the room with a bound, reached the top of the stairs, and then returned, with rather a sheepish expression of face.

"What was it you wanted me to do?"

His mother repeated her order, and he went up stairs again. Soon he was heard hurrying down the back stairs. Then a shout came.

"Where is he now, and what does he want?" said Mrs. Primrose.

"The steps sound as if he was in the pantry," said Minnie, as she opened the door into the sitting room. "What are you doing out there, Tom?"

"I'm getting a knife to cut it," he called. "Can I have a piece too?"

"Yes; but bring the whole piece here and I'll cut it with my scissors. I don't want any knife."

So presently Master Tom made his appearance from the pantry, carrying a sponge-cake.

"What is that for?" asked his mother.

"Why, didn't you tell me you wanted some sponge-cake?"

"No, I did not."

The girls laughed, and Nettie skipped up stairs and got the sponge; but Mrs. Primrose looked sober, and said, "Tom, it costs more trouble to get you to do anything than all your help is worth."

Tom looked ashamed. "I'm sorry, mother, I will surely try and be more careful. I did wonder at your wanting scissors to cut sponge cake."

But when his mother went up stairs, two hours later, she found the window wide open, and the register tightly closed.

"Der crate of the range ish broke, ma'am. Broke shust now."

So said Gretchem, her round face appearing from the kitchen, as the family were dining next day.

"The grate of the range broken? Dear me, how trying!" sighed Mrs. Primrose. "Stove men are as bad as plumbers. If I send for one, it is impossible to be sure of his attending to the order at once."

"That's so!" said Tom, with a shake of his head. "The last time the range gave out we had a cold dinner, and next to nothing for breakfast,"

"This is the busy season too, Tom," she said, as that young gentleman left the table; "but you must stop at Mr. Romney's on your way to school, and tell him the grate is broken and it is necessary a new one should be sent without any delay. Tell him," she said laughing, "if it is not attended to at once, we shall all go and take tea at his house to-night. Now don't you fail to see him, Tom, and give the order."

Mrs. Primrose had a pleasant business acquaintance with the stove merchant. Tom had been sent on a similar errand before, and the dinnerless condition spoken of had been the result of his forgetfulness.

"*Indeed* I'll remember it, mamma; but Ned Long wants me to trade my old skates, and a quarter to boot, for his sled. May I? You know papa says he will give me some new skates this winter!"

"Yes; but whatever you do, don't forget your message to Mr. Romney."

At about half-past two o'clock that afternoon Mrs. Romney received a note sent by her husband from his place of business. She read it twice, and then handed it to her daughter, a young lady just home from school, exclaiming:

"Well, I never!"

The note read, "Mrs. Primrose sends me word that she with her family, will take tea with us to-night."

"Why, mother! Has your acquaintance with Mrs. Primrose become intimate."

"No; I have called on her, and she has called on me about once a year for the last two years. I met her some time ago at an Aid Society, and I *did* say to her I wished we would be more neighborly."

"This is neighborly enough, surely."

"Well, yes, I should say so. A whole family visiting on such a notice as that! But I wonder, now, if father may have received it sooner, and forgotten to speak of it."

"But I think it's intrusive and indelicate to send such a message to you."

"I certainly don't understand it. Oh, well, never mind. Mrs. Primrose is a very nice, pleasant woman, and I've always wanted to know her better: so if this is her way of becoming better acquainted with us, we will do the best we can to make the visit of the family an agreeable one.

"Hi, there!" called Tom Primrose to Johnny Romney, as they were let out of school; "wait a minute; I'm going home with you."

"Good! Can you stay long?"

"Going to stay to tea."

"Hurrah! Now, I can show you that new game and my printing-press."

"Stop, Nett! shouted Tom to his two little sisters as they were going out of the gate together; "you're not to go home; we're all going to Mrs. Romney's to tea."

"Did mamma say so?" asked Nettie in some surprise.

"Yes; she'll be there. Come along; its just round the block here."

So Tom and John hurried off, while the children feeling a little shy at going to a strange house, wished they had known it sooner, that they might have gone with Grace Romney.

A minute later a timid pull at Mrs. Romney's bell brought that lady to to the door, and she stood there a few seconds looking down upon the two little faces which looked into hers, half laughing, half frightened.

"Everything in pairs," was her thought. Two pairs of rounded blue eyes, keeping company with the two sweet mouths, in their look of doubt and shyness at venturing to visit in a strange house; two pairs of red cheeks, even the dimples matched, each surrounded by a pair of dainty litttle ruches set in a pair of blue hoods.

"We—we're Minnie and Nett," ventured Nettie.

"You're Mignonette, eh?" said Mrs. Romney. "Well, I shouldn't wonder if you were."

"Good-afternoon, ma'am," said Minnie, with a funny little courtesy, as she suddenly remembered her manners. "We came to tea, ma'am. Is Grace at home?"

"Oh, you are the little primrose, are you? Yes, Grace is at home."

Mrs. Romney loved children, and as she led in the twin dots, she felt rather glad than otherwise that the Primroses were coming to ter.

Mr. Romney left his place of business a little earlier than usual, and looked into Mr. Primrose's office. "I thought I'd see if you were ready to go down with me," he said.

"Down? Where, sir?"

"Down to my house, with me."

"Well, really—I beg your pardon, but, I had no intention of going there this evening."

"Oh, you have not heard of it? Well, its all settled, I suppose, by the powers that be I had word directly from Mrs. Primrose that she, yourself and children, were to give my wife and me the pleasure of taking tea with us to-night, so I thought I would do myself also the pleasure a'so the pleasure of escorting you to meet them."

Mr. Primrose thought it a very abrupt arrangement, but he was in the habit of leaving such matters to his wife, so he thanked Mr. Romney and went with him.

Mrs. Primrose always watched eagerly for the return of her little ones from school at half-past four o'clock. It had been very hard for her to make up her mind to let the twins go, the darlings who had made her home so bright, but they had begun school-life a few weeks before. Tom had strict orders never to leave them on the way, and she knew almost to a minute when they would come in sight, with a little hand of each waving a greeting to her.

On this evening she took her station by the window a little later than usual, having been called to the kitchen by Gretchen to see that "der grate of der ranche" was all right. Tom had remembered for once, dear boy! He was surely going to improve.

Five o'clock struck, as she looked in vain for the blue blondes. Then she went into another room, which gave a better view down the street, where she sat down and watched still more eagerly.

She became a few minutes interested in setting right a mistake in the fancy knitting she held in her hand; and then she sprang up in alarm, as the little clock rang the half-hour past five.

The bright autumn day was turning to dusk, and her little ones, who had never been absent from her an hour without her knowledge every step the wee feet might take—where were they?

She flew into the kitchen for a word with Gretchen, and then was out on the street with wraps half fastened, making her way to her husband's office. As she went, her mind was filled with one terrible fancy after another. All the dreadful stories she had ever heard about lost children crowded upon her memory, until, as she reached the building in which the office was, she had reached a high state of nervous excitement. She seized the handle of the door. The door was locked. There was no light in the room.

It was now nearly dark. Almost in despair she stopped a moment on the upper step to think what she could do, for something must be done at once.

A light shone out over the door of another law-office. She opened the door, and walked straight in among several gentlemen, most of whom were friends of her husband and well-known to herself.

At sight of her white face they all arose, one of them placed a chair for her and begged her to sit down; but without taking time even to decline his invitation, she said, "Mr. Brand, my children have not come home from school—I don't know where they are—I cannot find Mr. Primrose."

Her voice was husky, but she controlled herself, as the gentleman with a kindly interest, which gave courage to the poor mother, after first questioning her, talked earnestly, and suggested different plans for the recovery of the lost treasures.

One or two were out to hunt for Mr. Primrose, but she could not wait for him to begin the search, so in less than twenty minutes the police-station was notified, and a crier was in the streets, crying—

"Lost! three children. Boy of ten with curly hair, brown suit and Scotch cap. Twin girls of seven, blue eyes, blue hoods, and plaid waterproof cloaks!"

In a short time Mr. Brand returned and said to her. "Madame, I have seen some one who saw Mr. Primrose walking with Mr. Romney about an hour ago. If you have not heard nothing more directly about him, I will go down to the Romney's house, and see if I can hear anything of him there.

"No, sir, I have heard nothing," said Mrs. Primrose. "But I will go, too. I cannot sit still while I am in suspense.

Her kind-hearted friend felt very sorry for her as they hurried along. In his good-nature he tried to comfort her by telling her of a lost chid who had been kidnapped by an Italian begger, and had been found, six months afterwards, standing on his head on a tight rope at a menagerie side-show.

She did not seem at all cheered by his story, however, and from weariness and excitement was hardly able to stand as they reached Mr. Romney's door. It opened promptly as they rang, and a cordial voice greeted them—

"Why, Mrs. Primrose, you are so late; and I thought you were coming for a neighborly visit. We were just about to send to see why you——"

She stopped suddenly, seeing by Mrs. Primrose's manner that something was wrong. Mr. Brand spoke:

"We are looking for Mr. Primrose, ma'am, and came to ask if Mr. Romney knew of his whereabouts."

"Why, of course; he's been here for more than an hour! They are all here, and we were getting uneasy about Mrs. Primrose. Come in! Com in!"

She threw open a door, and Mr. Primrose and Mr. Romney were seen sitting by a glowing grate in the pleasant parlor. Mr. Primrose arose to meet his wife, being satisfied at her excited appearance. But she quickly passed through the wide-opened doors into the back parlor.

The picture might have attracted a less loving eye. Master Tom sat with his friend before the fire, enjoying a game of "Go bang," while further back in a corner was a most charming mixture of little girls and dolls, and doll's belongins.

Mrs. Primrose almost ruined a small bedstead as she gathered a twin in each arm, and seemed to forget that she was not alone with them. The older ones assembled around Mr. Brand as he told them what trouble she had been in.

Nobody seemed to understand how it come about. Mr. Primrose came towards his wife, and she said: "Why did you come without telling me?"

"Mr. Romney told me my dear, that you had arranged it."

"Why did you come" she said to the twins.

"Tom told us, mamma. He said you knew."

"How came you to do so, Tom?"

"Why, mamma, you told me yourself I didn't forget at all. I gave Mr. Romney the message the first thing."

"I told him to please send to have the range fixed, and mamma said we'd all take tea at his house."

So it was her own poor little joke, blundered over by poor heedless Tom, which had caused all this misery!

She explained the mystery, and was able to join in the hearty laugh which followed.

"How could you make such a mistake Tom?"

"Why, I'm afraid I was thinking about how I might get Ned Long to take fifteen cents, instead of twenty-five cents, to boot for his sled. I'm awfully sorry; indeed I am."

"Hush!" some one said as a bell was heard ringing loudly in the street. They raised the window and listened.

"Lost! three children. Boy of ten, with curly hair, brown suit and Scotch cap. Twin girls," etc.

Tom turned red with mortification. Mr. Primrose was chagrined because his family were being hunted in every street of the town. He was going in haste to put a stop to the crier's search, but Mr. Brand kindly insisted that he should remain with his friends and promptly went himself to quiet the huen and cry after the Primroses.

They had a pleasant evening after all. Mrs. Romney's kind cordiality soon enabled Mrs. Primrose to forget the embarassing circumstances which had led to their visit. It was the beginning of a friendship between the two families which all enjoyed,

But Tom was not soon allowed to forget the part he had played in the affair. The little breeze he had raised was looked upon as a fine "joke" by his schoolmates. As he appeared among them the next day he was greeted with shouts of—

"Boy lost!—boy of ten—blue eyes—waterproof hair—plaid cap—Scotch hood"—etc.

For days after he almost dreaded the sight of a boy. If he showed himself on the street, he could not turn a corner without hearing "Boy found—boy of ten!" and on leaving any company of boys, he was sure of hearing groans of, "Boy lost!"—blue eyes—curly hair—going—going—gone!"

He certainly was well punished for the trouble he had caused; and if he resolved, as he had done a hundred times before, not to get himself or anyone else into trouble again by his thoughtlessness, it is to be hoped he kept his resolution.

—Out of debt, out of danger.

Told in a Tavern.

"Nelse Crocker lived near White Lake, in Bethel turnpike, Sullivan Co., N. Y., where his grandfather had been a pioneer settler and kept a tavern. In the Fall of 1820 Nelse had his cabin in the woods near what was called Big Pond, and one day he and his dogs struck the trail of panthers along the edge of Painter Swamp. The practiced eye of the hunter discovered that there were tracks of no less than seven of the ferocious animals. He followed the trail with his dog a long distance in the swamp without discovering any game, and then sat down on a log to eat his lunch and rest himself. Suddenly his dog began to bristle up and to growl and the next instant a huge panther sprang from a tree near by, almost touching Crocker's shoulders as it shot past him. It struck the ground a few feet beyond and bounded into the swamp.

"Crocker caught up his gun and lost no time in starting in pursuit of the panther. The dog had followed it immediately and was yelping along ahead on the track of the animal. Crocker's dog was an exception to most hunting dogs for, as I have many times heard the old hunters say, there were very few dogs that would follow a panther's track. Nelse's dog overtook the panther, or probably the panther waited for him. At any rate he pitched into the panther without delay and was whipped in three seconds. Crocker met his dog coming back, badly used up. The hunter went on and found the panther in a tree. As he was aiming at it a noise in the swamp attracted his attention, and, looking in that direction, he saw another panther rushing toward him, bounding over the tops of the laurels like a rubber ball. Crocker's interest in the animal in the tree vamshed at once and he turned his gun on the new arrival, and by a lucky shot killed it. The report of the gun was followed immediately by yells of panthers from all parts of the swamp, and, as Crocker had now no dog to aid him, he thought that the best thing he could do would be to beat a retreat from the swamp Two panthers brought up his rear, but did not approach to within shooting distance of Nelse. They followed him, however, to the edge of the swamp.

"When he reached his cabin he found his dog there ahead of him, looking sheepish and ashamed of himself. The more Nelse thought of the way he had left the field alone to the panthers the madder he got, and when he discovered that he had left his hunting cap, which was made out of a wolf's skin, behind him in the swamp he swore that he would go back and recover it, skin the panther he had killed, and tackle the rest of the drove, if he got chawed up himself. The dog wasn't hurt so badly as he thought, but he did not suppose that it would ever go around where there was a panther again. Yet, when Nelse started back for the swamp next morning to redeem his reputation as a panther hunter, what was his surprise to see the dog gather himself up and march resolutely along as if aware that he ought to retrieve his reputation and was determined to do it.

"On reaching the scene of his encounter with the panthers the day before, Crocker found his hat and the body of the slain panther. Nelse began taking off the skin, when in glancing up in a tree near by, he saw another one crouching down on a limb. Crocker shot it, and it tumbled down to the ground, but jumped to its feet and climbed to the top of a small chestnut tree, which bent over with the weight of the animal until it was only a few feet from the ground. The panther dropped to the ground, and Crocker's dog at once seized it, but with one blow of its paw it knocked the dog 20 feet away. Crocker had been trying to reload his gun, but the ramrod stuck in the socket, and delayed him so that the panther, after its bout with the dog, rushed upon him while his gun was still empty. The second experience of the dog was again too much for his valor, and he ran away. Crocker, taken at a disadvantage, was also compelled to seek safety in flight. The panther followed him, and was gaining at every jump, when Crocker threw down his rifle. The panther ran to where he had thrown the gun and paused a short time to inspect it, enabling Nelse to make good his escape from the swamp, beyond which the animal did not pursue him.

"When Crocker cooled off he cursed his cowardice, and going to his cabin, he took his hunting ax, which, for some reason that he was never able to explain he had failed to carry on either of his other visits to the swamp. Armed with this, he went back to meet the panther he had wounded. He had not long to wait, for he had gone but a short distance in the thicket when the infuriated beast sprang out of the bushes, alighting directly in front of Nelse. It jumped for his throat before he could deliver a blow with his ax. He drew his knife, and, by a lucky thrust, buried it in the panther's heart. It was more than lucky, for the panther's forepaws were on his breast and its wide open jaws at his throat. In falling back it set its claws in the hunter's clothing, and tore them from him from the shoulders down. Leaving the panther in its death throes, Crocker hastened to the spot where he had thrown his rifle, and found it. He lost no time in loading it, for he knew that it was more than likely that the dying cries of the panther would summon others to the spot, and he had barely got his rifle ready before he heard one springing from tree to tree toward him. It soon came in sight and, discovering Crocker, crouched for a spring in the crotch of a tree a few feet away. Nelse waited for the leap, and as the panther left the tree he fired. The ball entered its heart, and the animal fell dead at Crocker's feet.

"Nelse's dog, probably unable to face his master after deserting him twice in a strait, had disappeared, and Crocker never saw him again. Finding himself thus left to combat panthers alone, Nelse concluded that it would be best to let the ones still remaining have the swamp to themselves, so he took the skins of the three panthers he had killed and broke camp. Crocker signed the temperance pledge in Monticello in 1843, and did not drink anything until the fall of 1844. He joined a party on a hunt that fall, and they had plenty of rum in the camp. Nelse got drunk, and remained so for a week. When he became sober he was so ashamed that he shot himself in camp."

Reb Humor.

After the apples are harvested and the grain has been threshed in northern Maine it is fashionable for the neighbors to give "buckwheat parties," so called from the fact that "flapjacks" and cakes made from this grain are provided for the entertainment of the guests. Mrs. Smith gave a party last fall and Mrs. Brown, who attended it, went away and told her friends that Mrs. Smith made the worst fritters she ever tasted. Of course Mrs. Smith heard of it, and the report did not delight her overmuch. When it came Mrs. Brown's turn to give a party Mrs. Smith attended with smiles on her face and canker in her heart. All the company, consisting of some twenty ladies and gentlemen, were seated around the table, eating and talking as only country people know how to eat and talk, when Mrs. Smith was observed to be having some trouble with a fritter in her plate. She was apparently working very hard in a vain endeavor to cut it apart.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Smith?" asked the hostess? "Ef yer'v gut 'er bad one, try another."

"No, no; don't think of me at all, or ef yer do, I wish you'd jest do me a favor.

"Sartin; what is it?"

"Ef yer hev enny flapjacks left over, an' I reckon you will," and here Mrs. Smith glanced at her plate and then at the lady of the house in a way that meant mischief, "I do wish you'd save 'em for me."

"Yes, and glad tew," said Mrs. Brown, highly flattered. "Whatever do you want of them? Perhaps you want to give 'em to the dear children at home."

"No, dear; the children's teeth are not hard enough. Seein' it's you, Mrs. Smith, I'll tell yer. I want 'em to nail down over some rat holes in the pantry. They are covered with sheet-iron now, but I think your flapjacks are tougher," and she arose and glowered upon her rival like a fiend over a soul in bondage.

The party broke up early that evening, and since then the neighborhood has been divided into two sections on the flapjack question. They have carried their dispute before the minister, and it is said that both parties have threatened to leave the church unless he settles the question one way or another. When last heard from he contemplated resigning.

He was a graduate of a school of pharmacy and had just bought out an apothecary at the South End. Last evening his sweet young wife looked from her paper and said:

"I see that Don Dash de Banana, a Mexican, who owned nine drug stores, has just failed, with liabilities amounting to over $250,000. If it is as good business as you say, John, what him fail?"

"Did it say he run a soda fountain in any of his establishments?"

"No; it said he, traded in extracts and other medicinal preparations."

"Ah, well; that accounts for it. I tell you that so long as a man can sell three gills of wind and a gill of soda water, that cost in all about three-fourths of a mill, for five cents hard cash, and then have half the water left in foam that can't be sucked out of the glass, there is no danger of failing. One of Boston's soda fountains, properly conducted, would have paid off his debts inside of a year."

"Whom do you think they'll nominate for Congress in our district this year?" asked an old resident of another.

"Dunno; had all I want of it the last time I ran."

"You don't mean to tell me that you ever ran for Congress, do you?"

"I do that, and a mighty hard run it was. I came very near winning too."

"When and where was it?"

"When I was on Milk street two years ago."

"Who ran in opposition?"

"Engine 26. You see we were running to the big fire on Congress street, and '26' beat me about a rod and a half."

"If you've got a clam hoe," said an impatient guest at a seaside hotel, "I'll go out and dig some myself. I ordered clam chowder twenty minutes ago, and I must take the train that leaves in half an hour.

"Lord bless you, sir, we don't want clams. We never use any. We bees awaitin' for Maria to get done washing the dishes. We wants the dish water, we do."

"What in heavens name do you do with dish water?"

"Please, sir, we puts it in clam chowder for thickening."

George Sand in her Old Age.

Says a correspondent: I never saw George Sand until her face was that of an old woman, so that I cannot say to what extent her statue resembled what she was at 40. To the end she had fine eyes. They did not express what she felt, but conveyed the impression that there was behind them a camera obscura where impressions were stored up silently and reacted upon by some occult power. George Sand was a night bird. She wrote best when every one else in her house was asleep; she liked to ramble alone in the moonlight, and had a preference for the flower which the French call *belle de la nuit*. In company she stared and seemed to mope, seldom talked, and if she ever laughed it was internally. There was much in her that was akin to the tranquil patient steer. Were there such a thing as a winged cow in the Nineveh remains, it might answer as her symbol. Her letters in her old age are greatly superior to her novels, many of which teem with eloquent fustian. They are, however, studded with aphorisms which deserve to be classed with the noblest "thoughts" of Pascal. No other French author paints a landscape with so much grace or truth. She had also a healthy sympathy for the peasant who repaired all the mischief done by ambitious and greedy "statesmen" and saviors of society.

Reed and Rail.

"The reed bird is a little feathered tramp," said a game dealer to a reporter, "and he flies from the swamps of Louisiana to the lakes and prairies of Manitoba and back every year. He is as fond of aliases as any tramp, and in Manitoba, Minnesota and the West generally is known as the bobolink, under which name he is eagerly sought after by the white trappers and Indian natives of the Western wilds as a savory addition to their meal. In the Middle and Eastern States he turns up in August and September as the reed bird, fat and juicy, fit to be killed, as the law allows, on after the 1st of September each year. Look at these specimens. They are the first of the season. They are fine and the demand is good."

"Where are the principal hunting grounds?"

"The grain fields of this State, Connecticut and Vermont, the swamps and fields of Long Island, but above all along the Jersey coast, where, with his cousin-german, the rail, the little feathered bon vivant strips the luscious reeds of their mealy grain. But to get him at his fattest and juiciest you want to wait until late in October and November, when he has gorged himself with the pearly seeds of the wild rice swamps in the South. Then he is a fit morsel for the greatest gourmand in the land."

"How about the rail?"

"The rail, as I said, is cousin-german to the reed bird, but is a far gamier fellow. Flushing at the least noise, he is off like a flash, and the 'gun' that shows a 'bag' of rail as a trophy of a day's sport has something to be proud of."

"How do the birds sell and how is the market supplied with them?"

"The reeds and the rail sell about the same, say seventy-five cents per dozen. We buy them by the 500 dozen lot, and of course get a margin below this price. Rail are not coming in very plenty on account of the difficulty met with in shooting them. They can't be trapped like the reed birds, which are caught that way by the thousands. All other game birds in season are plentiful and prices are very low."

"How about the reed birds cooked in restaurants?"

"Well, a good many of them are sparrows. You see there are not enough to go around anyway, but in those cheap restaurants it is a safe thing to view a reed bird with suspicion unless you see it before it is cooked. Of course in a reputable place you can get them if they have them, and if they haven't they will say so. But this year there will not be so many sparrows killed, for reed birds promise to be twice as plentiful as usual. But the man who wants to enjoy the tempting morsel wants more than a dozen, and the best way is to go and bag them. Then he will have the sport and the birds and the experience. Reed bird shooting doesn't require much preparation. The usual outfit is a double-barreled No. 12 breech-loader, a bag of No. 10 shot and about 100 shells. A good many prominent men shoot their own birds.

The art of cooking the reed bird is of equal importance with the science of shooting it. With the purpose of learning a little about such matters, the reporter called upon the king cook of a cafe. He was a little man, with light fluffy hair and a thick tongue when it came to talking English. He leaned inquiringly in the direction of the reporter, wiped his damp brow with his apron, and said, in reply to a question:

"There are many—fifty, a hundred, a thousand ways of cooking the reed bird. You can get them in any style at the restaurants. Speaking generally, however, there are only two ways of preparing them in favor in this country, broiling and roasting. Each style admits of very many agreeable combinations. You ask me to give you the names of a few popular styles of cooking reed birds and their characteristics. I will. Here, Antelo," and the head waiter approached, "please write for me some ways of cooking reed birds."

"First," said the chief, "there is what is known as *en brochette*. Then they are broiled on toast, first being split in the back. There is a *Espagnole*, with rice. They are cooked *sautee*, that is, what you would say, dry-fried, not fried in an ocean of grease, like the Americans mean by fried. There is added a trimming of Spanish sance and Madeira wine. Another way is *a la Madrilena*, in which the trimming is green pepper and mushrooms, tomatoes, onions, capers, olives, and raisins. This dish gets its name from having been presumably introduced in Madrid, Spain, where they love reed birds greatly. The *sautee a l'Italienne* introduces the bird dry-fried—*sautee* you know," and the chief smiled patronizingly at the reporter. "The trimmings to this dish are hashed mushrooms and truffles, and Spanish sauce for a climax, all well seasoned. In *a la Venetienne* you have another combination of accessories, comprising onions and sherry wine, well seasoned, the bird being fried dry. The style *a la Provencal* affords an opportunity for the appearance on the dish of small onions, small tomatoes, roasted and well seasoned sauce. By reed bird *a la Reina* you may imagine mushrooms, tomato and Spanish sauces carefully mixed and truffles. The title *a la Chasseur* is given to a style in favor with hunters, as its name would imply. The birds are gently dry fried and trimmed with wine, olives and laurel leaves. When they are fried in fancy paper boxes they are called *en caisse* and *a la Pompadour*

Mining Lamps.—As the Davy Lamp in mining is not sure, a really safe mining-lamp seems just now to be a thing wanted. Whether electricity will answer all the requirements of a miner's work or not, it is very certain that a long time must elapse before the electric light, even if suited to the purpose, can be installed in collieries. The lamp required must give a good light must be portable, and more than all, to meet with universal attention, it must be cheap and simple

Growing green fodder for cattle in Summer instead of depending entirely on pasture will enable a farmer to keep two cows where he now keeps one.

The grazing of land by a mixed stock of cattle, sheep and horses results in the land being more evenly grazed than where one kind only is kept. Where, however, many sheep are grazed with cattle, as they pick out all the finest of the grasses and clovers with their narrow nose, the cattle will not thrive so well. But sheep, on the other hand, eat with avidity and impunity much that cattle dislike and avoid. Many pastures, grazed only with cattle, are in springtime quite covered with weeds, which a few sheep mixed in with the cattle would keep down. Horses, when kept in a pasture by themselves, are very uneven grazers. A few, kept in a large cattle pasture, will graze the rank places where cattle have previously left their manure, and also about gateplaces where the land has been tramped. Both horses and sheep will thrive much better when they are able to select their own food.

For Half a Life-Time.

Mrs. John Gemmell, Milroy, Miflin Co,. Pa., in the Spriug of 1864 injured her spine and partial paralysis ensued. For nearly twenty years she was unable to walk. In the Spring of 1883, she was advised to use St. Jacob's Oil, the great conqueror of pain. The first application gave instantaneous relief. Before the second bottle was exhausted she was able to walk and is cured.

The curculio presents "the chief difficulty in growing plums, one of the most profitable fruits that the farmer can cultivate. The insect never lays but one egg in a plum; in the cases where two eggs are found in the same fruit they are laid by different insects. It takes a curculio fully fifteen minutes to deposit her egg. First, with the beak a small piece of skin is raised, just to allow the ovipositor to be inserted. After the egg is laid the skin is doubled back over the egg so as to wrap it up. Last of all, the perculiar cresent-shaped mark is made around where the egg is laid. The object of this to deaden the skin so that the growth of the fruit will not prevent the egg from hatching. The process is a very interesting one, and is best witnessed in the cool of the morning, when the insect is not so shy as at midday."

High Priced Butter.

Dairymen often wonder how their more favored competitors get such high prices for their butter the year round. It is by always having a uniform gilt edged article. To put the "gilt edge" on, when the pastures do not do it, they use Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color. Every butter maker can do the same. Sold everywhere and warranted as harmless as salt, and perfect in operation.

In laying down land to grass, the usual seeding of the English farm is thirty to forty pounds of mixed clovers, whether among a young barley crop or on a well-manured tilth in the spring. These seeds commonly include the fescues, rye grasses, meadow grasses, cocksfoot, foxtail, and the red, white and yellow clovers, to which sweet vernal grasses and perhaps crested dogtail are sometimes added. Six to ten pounds in all of the several fescues, eight to twelve pounds of the rye grasses named, with from two to five pounds of each of the clovers, make a sufficient seeding for an acre.

☞Quantity and Quality. In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c. at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

Those who breed poultry are often perplexed to know why the late hatched chicks do not thrive as well as those hatched early in the season. In nearly all the cases the difficulty may be traced to lice, which prey so greedily upon the chicks hatched in warm weather as to make them feeble and subject to disease. The best remedy for them is to dust the chicks with Persian insect powder and thoroughly clean the coops.

"Rough on Toothache."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15&25c.

Whenever a practical test of different animals is made in feeding it is sure to demonstrate that the employment of improved breeds secures a product of such superior quality as to command an enhanced price, and more of it in a given time, or on a given amount of suitable food. The great advantage and economy of employing improved stock would be still more apparent if pains were taken to make the feeding experiments exact and complete.

Carbo-lines.

Strike the bosom of old mother earth,
And from her veins unseen
There flows an oil of untold worth
When made into Carboline.

An English writer says that nitrate of soda applied in liquid form should contain about one pound of nitrate to twelve gallons of water. It acts as a powerful stimulant to pot plants, imparing a luxuriant appearance to the foliage, and is particularly beneficial to dahlias and chrysanthemums. The number of applications must depend on the nature and condition of the plants. It must not to be given to plants at rest.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Try "Wells' Health Renewer."

A dressing of lime often has an excellent effect in making worn-out soils productive, and it is quite as apt to be effective on land that has an abundance of lime in its composition. It undoubtedly makes more plant food available without directly adding to the amount, and should, therefore be used in rotations where other methods are adopted to maintain soil fertility.

Beets are only successfully grown by the most rigidly economical and the most skilful methods of culture, in which the European farmers as far surpass Americans as we surpass them in our free and liberal political and social condition.

For Making Corn Starch.—Take of field corn (it cannot be made from sweet corn) in the milk or a little harder, any quantity from 1 to 3 bushels. Husk and silk it. Have a clean tub, one-third full of cold water. Stand up the same as for washing and grate on a grater in the water. I use one made from a milk pan, quite coarse. As you grate each cob throw it into a pail of cold water, to rinse off any starch that might be left on it. When through grating, strain tarough a yard square of cheese cloth twice. If too thick to strain easily add cold water. Then cover over with the cloth and leave out doors till morning, when the starch will be settled. Then pour off the water and if there should be any yellow scum, though there is not usually, rinse it off. Then take a cream skimmer and skim off the tub a thin layer at a time and lay on plates put in the sun. At 10 o'clock stir it well and break up the lumps and put on more plates, for it swells in drying. By night you will have such beautiful starch that you will never want any more from a store. It is excellent for an infant powder, it is so pure. I make mine in the cool of the evening under the trees. Scald everything that is used about the starch, for much depends on having everything sweet and clean.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Boiled Potatoes.—Pare them and let them stand in cold water a while, have water boiling with a tablespoonful of salt for twelve medium sized potatoes. Boil thirty minutes, pour off every drop of water, remove the cover and shake in a current of cold air at the door or window. Place on the back part of the stove and cover with a coarse towel if not ready to serve, and you will always have light, mealy potatoes, if they were good at first.

The Secret of Life.

Scovill's Sarsaparilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, is the remedy for the cure of scrofulous taint, rheumatism, white swelling, gout, goitre, consumption, bronchitis, nervous debility, malaria, and all diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood. Certificates can be presented from many leading physicians, ministers and heads of families throughout the land, indorsing Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup in the highest terms. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we recommend it as the best remedy for above diseases.

Baked Apples.—Take ten or twelve good-sized juicy apples, pare and core. Butter a baking dish, and put in it the apples; fill the cavities with sugar. Take half a tea-cup of butter and tablespoonful of flour, rub together until smooth; to this put enough boiling water to make it thin enough to cover each apple; grate over them nutmeg; bake in a slow oven one hour or more.

Hard to Believe.

It is hard to believe that a man was cured of a Kidney disease after his body was swollen as big as a barrel and he had been given up as incurable and lay at death's door. Yet such a cure was accomplished by Kidney-Wort in the person of M. M. Devereaux of Ionia, Mich., who says; "After thirteen of the best doctors in Detroit had given me up, I was cured by Kidney-Wort. I want every one to know what a boon it is.

Lemon Paste Cake.—Sugar, 2 cupfuls; butter, ½ cupfuls; sweet milk ½ cupfuls; 3 eggs; flour, 3 cupfuls; yeast powder, 2 teaspoonfuls. Lemon paste: One cupful sugar, ½ cupfuls water, and 1 lemon. Dissolve the sugar in water and then throw in grated lemon. Let it come to a boil and put in 2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch mixed with a little cold water.

Hay-Fever. One and one-half bottles of Ely's Cream Balm entirely cured me of Hay-Fever of ten years's standing. Have had no trace of it for two years. —Albert A. Perry, Smithboro, N. Y. Price 50 cents.

Hay Fever. I was severely afflicted with Hay-Fever for 25 years. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and the effect was marvellous. It is a perfect cure.—Wm T. Carr, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J. Price 50 cents.

Orange Pie.—Beat together 1 teacupful powdered sugar, and one tablespoonful butter; to this add the beaten yolks of 3 eggs, and then the juice and grated rind of 2 oranges. Beat all together and lastly stir in lightly the whites beaten to a froth. Bake with an under crust.

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, chilblains.

Peach Cream.—The stones and skins are removed from very ripe peaches, which are then passed through a hair sieve. To each cupful of pulp add a cup of pulverized sugar, and beat together. Whip a cupful of sweet thick cream for each cupful of pulp, mix gently together and put in a freezer to freeze.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Squash Griddle Cakes.—Two cupfuls of cooked squash that has been passed through a sieve, a scant pint of milk, two beaten eggs, two spoonfuls of sugar, a pint of sifted flour, a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder and a little salt. Beat together until smooth and light.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

Complaints are made that Paris green fails to kill potato bugs It is because the poison is expensively adulterated with blue vitrol.

A young man accompanied by his girl entered a Boston restaurant. They seated themselves at a table.

A waiter approached and politely inclined his ear.

"Order what you wish, Miss Smith," the young man said, "and I will have the same. I have perfect faith in your gastronomical judgement," he added, with that gentility of manner peculiar to the city of Boston.

The young woman ran her eye down the bill of fare.

"Oh," she suddenly lisped, and her face became suffused with blushes.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I—I have always had a—a desire to taste them," she said, blushing deeper and deeper, "but—but——"

"Yes?" he said, encouragingly.

Then she turned to the waiter and stammered:

"I—I—think you may bring me a—dish of frogs' limbs."

"It Knocks the Spots,"

and everything in the nature of eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, scrofulous humors, and incipient consumption, which is nothing more nor less than scrofula of the lungs, completely out of the system. It stimulates and invigorates the liver, tones up the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and builds up the weak places of the body. It is a pure vegetable compound, and will do more than is claimed for it. We refer to *Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."*

It don't pay to sue for divorces in some climates. An Afghan woman asked the Ameer for a divorce because her husband was growing bald-headed. The verdict was that the head should be anointed with sour milk, that the woman should lick it off until the scalp shone again, that then she should ride through the bazar on a donkey with her face astern, and that the husband and wife should dwell in harmony. We think the Ameer has got hold of the proper end of the divorce question.

"As Good as New,"

are the words used by a lady, who was at one time given up by the most eminent physicians, and left to die. Reduced to a mere skeleton, pale and haggard, not able to leave her bed, from all those distressing diseases peculiar to suffering females, such as dispiacement, leucorrhœa, inflammation, etc., etc., she began taking Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," and also using the local treatments recommended by him, and is now, she says, "as good as new." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

The moon beat silently upon the waves, and the waves beat noisily upon the sand, and they strolled quietly along the beach, and as he looked down into her eyes lovingly, he asked pleadingly: "Mildred, will you return my love?" "Yes, George," she answered hesitatingly, "on one condition." "Only tell me that condition," he pleaded breathlessly. "It is," she replied solemnly, "that you do not again ask me to accept it," and the moon and the waves and his heart continued to beat as they walked home sorrowfully and silently.

Butler—"Yes, siree-ree, I got those Grangers solid. Ha! ha!"

Dana—"Good. What tack did you take?"

Butler—"I expatiated on the grandeur of their calling, the nobleness of a vocation which furnished food for the world, and then tickled their pride by saying that I hoped to see American grain carried across the Atlantic in ships flying the American flag."

Dana—'Good stroke; but would you really wish to see that?"

Butler—"Certainly. It would increase the demand for—bunting.

Throw Away Trusses.

when our new method is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture without the use of the knife. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet and references. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

How can you account for those fine stalks of corn coming up in the fence corners?" asked a man of a farmer. "That's not corn," the farmer replied, "only weeds." "Ah, how singular!" "Don't know much about farmin', I reckin'?' "Very little. I am the editor of an agricultural paper."

An Ohio farmer says that a cow can be cured of kicking by catching hold of her leg while in the act. Just so, and a bee can be cured of stinging by catching hold of its stinger while in the act. Try 'em both some time. It's fun.

Artist's friend (pointing to sketch) —"Say, Harry, where did you get this?" Harry—"Why, I got that out of my head." Friend—"Well, its a lucky thing for your head that you got it out."

"Do you have good drinking-water here?" asked a traveler in a Kentucky town. "Good what?" "Good drinking water." "Oh, yes. Hy'ar Neb, take the stranger's horse and water him."

Poors think that there should be four ghosts in the play of "Hamlet," quoting in support of his theory a line from Grey's Elegy, "The rude four fathers of the Hamlet sleep."

"Gold in thirty-three counties in this State; copper in thirteen; iron in forty-three; diamonds in twenty-six; whisky in all of them; and the last gets away with all the rest."

A man who buys confederate bonds will make a permanent investment. They will be just as good in the year 2000 as they are to-day.

Young man from the country to Scotch policeman — "Whar's Oxford street?" Constable, sternly — "Why, whar it was yesterday! None o' ye larkin' wi' me!"

A fat man who wants to get thin, but can't control his appetite, should wear a shepherd's plaid vest. He will then be always able to keep his stomach in check.

An English clergyman, waxing sarcastic in the pulpit over the enormities of the age, exclaimed: "And these things, my brethren, are done in the so-called 19th century."

The stem of a genuine mushroom is short thick and white, marked under the head with a prominent ring. The head is white and regularly convex, the edges are bent inward, the flesh is white and firm, the under leaves are deep pink, and separate as they approach but do not touch the stem. When the mushroom grows old the net-like shape changes; it becomes brown, flat and scaly. The under leaves also turn brown. It is better when eaten young. Spurious mushrooms have their heads covered with warts and other membranaceous substances, which adhere to the upper surface; they are heavy and spring from a species of bulb; they generally grow in bunches. When the mushrooms are doubtful sprinkle a little salt on the under or spongy part. If it turns yellow they are poisonous, if black they are good.

Frosted Currants. — Pick fine, even bunches, and dip them one at a time into a mixture of frothed white of egg and a very little cold water. Drain until nearly dry, and dip in pulverized sugar; repeat the dip in sugar once or twice, and lay them upon white paper to dry. They will make a beautiful garnish for jellies and charlottes and look well heaped in a dish by themselves or with other fruit. Plums and grapes are very good when frosted in the same way. Currants mixed with a sufficient quantity of raspberries, put in a glass bowl and eaten with powdered sugar and plain cream, make a very nice dish.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Slice a stale loaf of bread rather thin, crust and all, and butter it lightly on both sides. Butter a baking dish and flouring it lightly, lay a single layer of the slices of bread all over the dish, sides and all, Wash and pick ½ lb of currants; pick and stone ½ lb. of raisins; slice very thin 2 ozs. of citron. Mix thoroughly, and scatter thinly over the bread and butter; then build up in this way: Make a mixture of 4 eggs, 1 qt. of milk and ½ lb. of sugar. Pour cold into the dish which has the bread, currants; etc. Put the baking dish in a pan of water, and let it cook ½ of an hour in a moderately heated oven. Serve hot or cold.

To Wash Printed Goods which have a black ground with a white pattern: Dissolve two ounces of red chromate of potash, three ounces of common salt and two and a half ounces of salsoda in a wash-boiler of water heated to boiling point. Put the dress into this hot bath for five minutes, and frequently turn and stir it. Then wash it thoroughly in clean water. The black ground will not be dull and "foxy," and the white portion of the goods will appear perfectly bright and clear.

Dr. Berenger-Ferand has described a curious people—the itinerant musicians who travel in every part of Central Africa, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. They are known as Griots, and constitute a distinct confederation, under the authority of a chief, whose influences is very powerful among its scattered members, and who levies a heavy tax from their general receipts. They are regarded with fear and repugnance by the negro natives of the lands which they traverse, and are looked upon as members of an impure caste, whose dead are capable of bringing sterility and perpetual drouth to the ground in which they are buried. They are skilful in improving and reciting; some play the violin and guitar, whilst others beat the tam-tam, or play on various discordant wind instruments. Their confederation is undoubtedly of long standing. They maintain some degree of intercommunication among the African races, but frequently make mischievous use of the extraordinary licence granted them of going where they will by fomenting quarrels among the various tribes.

Biggins was poorly—"All run down and no strength," he told his friend Smith. "Does yer ever take any stimulant, Mr. Biggins?" asked Smith. "No, ' answered Biggins, mournfully, "except sometimes just before goin' to bed." "Well, for my part," said Smith, decidedly, 'I don't never want to take nothin' jest afore goin' to bed, for I goes right to sleep an' loses all the good on it."

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUSness complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DISPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS,
93 Mercer Street, New York

VARICOCELE

or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. *Often the unsuspected cause of* Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., *quickly and painlessly cured by the* Elastic Cradle-Compressor, $6. *Gloves-fitting.* Circular Free. CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

Hale's Honey
OF
Horehound and Tar

Keep it in readiness, $1—largest, cheapest. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions. Of all Druggists at 50c. and Relief for Asthma. Price 50 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS.

PATENTS! Thos. P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No pay asked for patent until obtained. Write for INVENTOR'S GUIDE.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY or SHORT-HAND and TYPE WRITING HERE. Situations furnished. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

$40 PAYS for a Life Scholarship in the Coleman Business College, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO.

SHOTGUNS Revolvers, Rifles, Etc.

Large Ill. Catalogue free. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES of
BLAINE AND LOGAN

By Col. Thos. W. Knox. Outsells all others 10 to 1. Authorized, Authentic, Impartial, Complete, the *Best* and *Cheapest*. 500 pages $1.50. *Sells like wildfire.* 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit *Free. Freights paid.* Send for *Extra Terms*, etc., to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

38 386

Have Suffered!"

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our
Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending
"Hop Bitters" to me,
I used two bottles!
Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a
Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop
* * * Bitters. I was afflicted
With inflammatory rheumatism ! ! !
For nearly
Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any
Good ! ! !
Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well today as ever I was. I hope
"You may have abundant success"
"In this great and"
Valuable medicine:
Anyone ! * * wishing to know more about my cure?
Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

——I consider your
Remedy the best remedy in existence
For Indigestion, kidney
—*Complaint.*
"And nervous debility. I have just"
Returned
"From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more
Good !
Than anything else;
A month ago I was extremely
"Emaciated ! ! !"
And scarcely able to walk. Now I am
Gaining strength ! and
"Flesh !"
And hardy a day passes but what I am
* * * * * * * * *
complimented on my improved appearance, and it is due to Hop
Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson,
—*Wilmington, Del.*

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

DR. LINDSEY'S
BLOOD SEARCHER

The Great Remedy, cures Boils, Pimples, Sore Eyes, Scrofula, Malaria, and all Blood Diseases.
R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's,
PITTSBURG PA.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints
* and Weaknesses so common *
* * * * * * to our best * * * * * *
* * FEMALE POPULATION. * *
Price $1 in Liquid, pill or lozenge form.

* *Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.* *
* It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. * * * * * * * * * * * *
* It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. * Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER, BLADDER, AND URINARY ORGANS, DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, PAINS IN THE BACK, LOINS OR SIDE, NERVOUS DISEASES.

By the use of this REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their strength, and the blood is purified.

It is pronounced by hundreds of the best doctors to be the ONLY CURE for all kinds of Kidney Diseases.

It is purely vegetable, and cures when other medicines fail. Over 100 Physicians in the State of Rhode Island on record testifying in its favor and who prescribe it regularly.

HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Crick in the Back, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Chest, Kidney Troubles and all pains or aches either local or deep-seated. It Soothes, Strengthens and Stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gums—clean and ready to apply. Superior to liniments, lotions and salves. Price 25 cents or 5 for $1.00. Sold by druggists and country stores. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Company*, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

A GREAT SUCCESS

☞The best family pill made—Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25c. Pleasant in action and easy to take.

"LINENE" Reversible Collars and Cuffs. Turn down collars. Rubens, Angelo, Raphael.
The new standing style, MURILLO, is REVERSIBLE, same as the turn down styles. The top surface has a smooth, round fold that cannot fray.

Several webs of Fine Muslin, starched together, form the FABRIC. It is polished on both sides and cut into collars and cuffs with no wrong side. Double use. Adjust perfectly. No rough edges. Worth a trial. Ten for 25 cts, at stores. **Two gold Medals** and bronze medal awarded at M. C. M. A. Fair, Boston, 1881. Collar and pair cuffs, any size, to try, postpaid for **SIX** cts. Fabric and circulars free. Mention this paper. **Reversible Collar Co.**, Factory, Cambridge, Mass.

English and German. With PRONUNCIATION. German and English. The BEST and Cheapest.

NEW American DICTIONARY. 1232 Pages. Price $1.50.

NEW American POCKET-DICTIONARY. 624 Pages. Price $1.00.

For Sale by all Book- and News-Dealers.

TAKE NO OTHER.

Morwitz & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure Relief for ASTHMA. Price 50 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES of
BLAINE & LOGAN, | **CLEVELAND & HENDRICKS,**
In 1 Vol. by T. W. Knox | In 1 Vol. by Hon. A. Barnum.
Authorized, Authentic, Impartial, Complete, the *Best* and *Cheapest*. The leading Campaign books of 1884. Outsell all others 10 to 1. 250 thousand in press. Each vol. 500 pages, $1.50. 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit *Free. Freight paid.* Agents earn $10 to $25 a day. Now is the time to make money fast. Send for *Extra Terms*, at once, to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER

It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Ag'ts. Phila., Pa., and C.N. Crittenton, N.Y.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

in from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will, in a few minutes, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, SUMMER COMPLAINT, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that instantly stops pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, sprains, bruises, bites of insects and pains of all kinds. Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS, FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
The Great Blood Purifier.

For cure of all chronic diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat, purifies the Blood, restoring health and vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—Quick, Pleasant, Safe and Permanent in its treatment and cure.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

Radway's Regulating Pills
The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.
Perfect, Purgative, Soothing. Aperient, Act without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in their Operations.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder Pain in the Back, Loss of Appetite, Languor, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by druggists.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren, Cor. Church St., New York.
☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

To the Public.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

DR. LUTZE'S
SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN.

Tests by Sir J. Simpson, one of England's most highly distinguished physicians. Prof. Ringer, and many others, in their practice, have established beyond a doubt the worth of this great remedy in diseases of women. The Specific is nature's own great remedy for Prolapsus-uteri and other displacements of the womb, in connection with proper local attention. It cures Pruritus Vulva, Amenorrhœa, Leucorrhœa, Dysmenorrhœa, Flooding, Inflammation, Ulceration, Epilepsy, Convulsions, St. Vitus' Dance, Sick and Nervous Headache, Rheumatism, Enlarged Joints, Kidney Diseases, Dropsy, Catarrh, Nervousness, Feeb cness from Indiscretions and Excesses, Sciatica, Lumbago, Insanity Due to Functional Troubles, &c.

Health Secrets for Women.

To make Self-Care and Self-Treatment possible and successful, we have published a book, prepared by Dr. Lutze, describing in plain language the Female functions, Weaknesses and Diseases, with Instructions how to avoid, relieve and cure such complaints. Upon a perusal of this book, ladies can decide as a rule, whether their troubles will yield to self-treatment or not. In cases where they have any doubt, Dr. Lutze will, upon application to him personally or by letter, cheerfully give them the necessary advice with out charge.

Of the character and experience of Dr. Lutze, Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, Ex. Sec. to the Saginaw Academy of Medicine, Author of Various Monograms on the Diseases of Women, &c., &c., the publisher of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the oldest literary and family paper in the United States, takes occasion to say—*"The publisher of this paper has known Dr. Lutze for fifteen years. The Doctor's reputation as a Physician and a Surgeon are a sufficient guarantee of the value of his 'Specific for Women.'"*

In writing for advice, address—
DR. LUTZE,
1119 Girard Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Prices, at office, or by mail to any address upon receipt of price.

Dr. Lutze's Specific for Women	$2 00
" " Tonic Wash	50
" " Liver and Constipation Remedy	50
" " Female Syringes	1 00
" " Health Secrets for Women	50

☞With every first order for the Specific a copy of "Health Secrets for Women" will be sent free. Address,
BOWEN, LUTZE & CO.,
1119 Girard Street,
Lady Agents Wanted. Philadelphia, Pa.

WORMS
In the human body ERADICATED by using
CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!
INFALLIBLE
An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
☞FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success.
Insane Persons Restored.
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nervous Epileptics, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters etc. Sample outfit free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Base at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 831 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

Nervous Debility Quick permanent cure. Book free. Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., N. Y.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., OCT. 1, 1884.

TERMS—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE

FIRST RAIL ROAD EXCURSION

TO SPRING MILLS, TO VISIT

G. R. SPIGELMYER'S

—"FAIR" AND "SUPPLY DEPOT."—

LOWEST PRICES! LATEST STYLES

MODEL STORE OF PENNS VALLEY.

TO THE CENTRE REPORTER READERS:

We beg leave to inform you of the arrival of our early fall stock. It embraces the most complete line of Fancy Goods, Notions, Embroidering Material, &c., ever brought to town. We defy any one to beat our prices—they are always the LOWEST consistent with strictly First-Class Goods.

Any thing you buy of us you will find as represented or it can be returned and the money will be refunded. Don't forget to call even if you have decided to go elsewhere and we are certain you will go away pleased. Remember the place.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, Sept.*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Stacks of fancy goods—Garmans.

——A heavy rain set in on Monday night and continued next morning.

— J. W. Smull and James Miller, of Miles township, have gone to Kansas.

——The next meeting of the Lutheran Synod will be held at Rebersburg, one year hence.

Entire stock of ladies', and children's silk and lisle gloves, closing out at 25 per cent below cost at the Bee Hive.

——J. B. Frank and T. E. Royer have bought the store of Gramley Bro's, at Rebersburg.

——Had a brisk thunder shower on Sunday night—the first rain worth mentioning in four weeks.

——The *Journal* says a $350 clock is to be placed on the new Evang. church in Millheim in a few months.

— The Tusseyville band will hold a festival on Friday and Saturday, 3d and 4th, in From's woods.

——Preaching in the Lutheran church at Centre Hall, Sunday, Oct. 5, at 2 p. m., and at Tusseyville at 10 a. m.

——Mr. H. E. Duck and wife, of Millheim, have started on a four weeks' western trip to extend as far as Kansas.

All the the latest fall styles of hats and caps, for men and boys and children, at the Bee Hive.

Stamped splasher tidies, buffet covers, etc.—Garmans.

——Mr. Daniel Driver, who left Centre Hill in the spring of 1861, died in Miami county, Ohio, on August 20, aged 83 years.

—Mr. Barner, merchant at Stone Mill, since the burning of the mill, thinks of selling his goods off at auction and closing business.

Now is the time to leave your order for a fall suit at the Bee Hive.

——There will be a public sale of Centre Hall town-lots, Saturday, 18th. The lots belong to the Wilson property, adjoining the railroad.

New fall stock open for your inspection—Garmans.

——The M'Veytown Journal says the terrible disease still prevails among the hogs in that vicinity. Isaiah Graham, of Oliver twp., lost 40.

——Mr. Benjamin Shrock, an old and well-known citizen of Bellefonte, died on 23 ult., in the 72d year of his age. He was a blacksmith by trade.

——There will be a church festival, at the Synagogue church, in George's Valley, on Saturday, afternoon and evening, Oct. 4. Oysters, ice-cream and other refreshments will be served.

——Mr. Long, Jr., merchant at Spring Mills, gave the REPORTER a pleasant call a few days ago. Mr. Long is a very agreeable young man, and knows how to run a store. Call again.

——The Northumberland *Press* says that during a thunder storm on 11th ult., lightning struck the engine of the evening passenger train going east just after it left Sunbury. The one side of the cab was torn away but neither engineer or fireman was injured.

Plush balls, felts, plush petals, tinsel, chenille daisy, plushes, etc.—Garmans.

——Andy Reesman, at the post-office, has received an elegant stock of new stoves, and for handsomeness cannot be beat in any larger town. They are all sizes and styles, and any one needing any kind of a stove can get what will please in elegance, size and lowness in price. Give Andy a call before purchasing elsewhere.

—Get your groceries from Sechler and you get gealth and happiness. There is nothing like having things pure, fresh and wholesome for the table, and it is at Sechler's where you get them. They have none but No. 1 goods—all say this who deal there, and it is a reliable place for any goods in the grocery line.

——The track and sidings being completed to Oak Hall, Mr. DuBerry has written that regular trains will run to that point by Oct. 15. There is 1½ miles of grading to do yet to reach Lemont, and Mr. VanDyke has received orders to proceed at once and complete the road from Oak Hall to Lemont. The grading on this 1½ miles is heavy and it may take several months to reach Lemont.

——While the Morosini elopement is agitating New York, and St. John is taking up the virtues of cold water and Ben Butler is trying to lick somebody for President, and Mrs. Lockwood is promising great Reforms if the people elect her to the white-house, Lewins is running the cheap clothing business to its utmost capacity, at the famous Philad. Branch. He sells suits at from $5 to $10 less than you can purchase the same for elsewhere.

——Miss Avilda Long has removed her millinery store to Dinges' store room, where she can at all times be found with a full and fine assortment of goods—hats, bonnets, trimmings, etc. She expects in a week to have on a full stock of new goods from New York, and will have all the latest styles, and will give due notice by advertisement.

——With the opening of our railroad would be a good time to break off some of the "Halls" along the route, at places that are likely to become little towns. Linden Hall would be more elegant to simply call it Linden, or Hesston; Oak Hall might be called Oakville or Gilliland, or some other name that won't have the foolish affix of "Hall," which has got to be so common in naming localities hereabouts.

——The old mail route from Centre Hall to Milroy has been shortened by vacating the line from Potters Mills to Milroy. The mail coach now leaves Potters Mills at 10 a. m. for Centre Hall and returns to Potters Mills in afternoon of same day. Years ago this was one of the briskest and best paying stage routes in the state, affording 4-horse coaches from Bellefonte to Lewistown, but the blasted railroads have made inroads, and the stage coaches are fast disappearing in these parts.

——Complaints of scarcity of water come in from all over the country. In this valley many farmers have been out for several weeks, and some have to haul it quite a distance. Fortunately Centre Hall has withstood the severest drouth thusfar, and has known no scarcity. Our admirable water arrangement not only keeps our town in supply but serves as a relief to farmers who come here when their wells and cisterns fail—these people would no doubt know how to appreciate a never failing supply of the indispensible liquid, such as we have, could they have it.

— Contractor Van Dyke favored the writer and a number of others, ladies and gentlemen, with a ride to Oak Hall, on his train. We find the road in good condition, according to our judgment, and very smooth to ride on for a new road. The talk is to have regular trains moving about Oct. 15.

Since writing the above we have received the following:

BOALSBURG, Sept. 30, 1884.

HON. F. KURTZ—Dear Sir: Mr. White received orders from Mr. DuBarry yesterday to have the road finished to Oak Hall, and the water tank put up and water piped into it as soon as possible, and then get the grading done and track laid to Lemont. He has ordered iron enough to lay the track some distance beyond Lemont. I have every reason to believe that the company will operate the road by the middle of October to Oak Hall and then push ahead to Lemont, and Bellefonte. Yours truly,

SAM'L GILLILAND.

——The burning of the Stone-mill, a week ago, and of Thompson's mill at Potters Mills, over a year ago, leaves only one of the Potter twp. grist mills in existance, namely, the old Red mill, now run by Mr. Harter. The mill properties burned will not be rebuilt, as the "roller flour" seems to have taken the place of the old style water-mill flour, and these mills everywhere seem to have very little custom work. Farmers from right along side the old mills will go to Bellefonte and get their flour made by the roller mills. Millheim has two good old style water mills, yet we see teams loaded with grain passing through here, coming all the way from Millheim, going to Bellefonte to exchange the wheat for roller flour. The loss of these grists has greatly effected the old water mills, and caused a depreciation in that kind of property and for these reasons the burned mill properties will not be rebuilt as the revolution in the manner of making flour has effected them too seriously to make it profitable to rebuild.

The roller flour is preferred because it makes finer bread as our house-wives claim, and is easier to work. On the other hand it is said that this bread dries out much sooner than bread baked from old process flour, and that it does not make as wholesome loaves. The latter may be prejudice while it may be true that it retains its moisture and freshness longer than the roller flour bread. The machinery for making roller flour being patented, it is very costly and the owners of burr mills are mostly unable to bear the expense of a roller outfit, hence the large roller mills bid fair to monopolize the trade of flour making and to ultimately swamp the old mills.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Gregg township has never felt better over the prospects for success in the election than the present one. Messrs. Rhone and Woodward will be at the meeting on Saturday at the Mountain picnic ground. This place has an addition in the shape of an attorney—just what is needed; Mr. Shafer, the attorney, was formerly of the lower end of Pennsvalley. The talk is that by the middle of Oct. the regular trains will run to Oak Hall. X.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dartf

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

One of the veteran Democrats of old Miles, Mr. John W. Sholl, gave the REPORTER a call, and desires to make known a few facts relative to the Republican nominee for Sheriff, which may be of interest to voters. Mr Sholl states: That the aforesaid candidate once came in possession of a pair of blankets which he had not borrowed, and was notified to return them.

That he collected $1.33 tax from him (Sholl) as per receipt, given Mr. Bowersox, while the tax was only $1.13 without the 5 per cent. being off, and then tried to collect the tax from Mr. Sholl again afterwards.

The same Republican candidate for Sheriff attempted to purchase a lot of hogs from Mr. Brumgard, by false representations, which had been promised Mr. Smith, of Lewisburg; the representation being that he would pay ½ cent per lb. more than Smith, and further that Smith did not want the pigs at all. All of which Mr. Smith denied upon being called on by Mr. Brumgard.

That the aforesaid Republican nominee for Sheriff once drove home a lot of heep that belonged to Mr. Kephart, claiming them as his own, and gave them up to Mr. Kephart without protest.

When the Republican nominee gets over these points, Mr. Sholl says he has a few more.

In a recent issue we published an account of a barn burned by a steam thresher. Here is another report from Juniata county: On Saturday last Armstrong Kinsloe was hulling cloverseed with a steam thresher at Mr. Bardell's in Beale twp. In the evening while the hands were all at supper, the straw stack caught fire and was burned down. The straw carrier burned off the huller, and a 4-horse wagon was consumed by the fire. The destruction of the fire was all done before the men got through with their supper.

THE KEHOE MURDER TRIAL.

Renovo, Pa., Sept. 28.—The Kehoe murder trial closed at Lock Haven at 11 o'clock last night with a verdict of murder in the second degree. The trial has excited great interest, and the verdict was received with the utmost satisfaction. The murder happened at Hammersly's Works on 20th of last May and was the result of a long standing family quarrel. Uriah Hammersley, the murdered man, was the father-in-law of John Kehoe, the murderer.

PRAYING FOR RAIN IN VIRGINIA.

Petersburg, Va., Sept. 28.—Prayers were offered in the churches here to-day for rain, which is badly needed in this section on account of the damaging effect the protracted drought has had on crops. Beds of creeks and small streams are perfectly dry in some places, so that unless there is an early fall of rain, difficulty must necessarily be experienced in finding water for stock.

GREENBACKERS ASSEMBLING.

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 29.—About twenty delegates to the greenback state convention, to be held here to-morrow, are on hand representing half a dozen counties in the eastern part of the state. None of the western delegates arrived. The delegates present say to-morrow's convention will be the largest held since 1878. Congressman Brumm is here to fight any proposition looking to a fusion. Chairman N. L. Atwood, Sr., is spoken of as a candidate for congressman at-large.

CYCLONE NEAR BRADFORD.

Bradford, Pa., Sept. 28.—A terrific cyclone passed over Alton a few miles south of Bradford this afternoon. It came from the southwest. Six houses were wrecked there but no lives lost. The path of the storm was five rods wide and it swept everything before it. Several families had thrilling adventures and narrow escapes.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 40c; butter, 12 to 18c; young chickens, per pair, 40c; beets, per dozen, 8c; eggs, 17c; lard, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; fish, per pound, 10c; onions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; tomatoes, per bu., 20 to 25c; cucumbers, per doz, 5c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13; apple butter, per qt., 15c; beans, per peck, 40c; apples, 50.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	77
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 00

Butter, 18; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 29, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	57⅞	—63
Wheat	"	78¼	—85¼.
Oats	"	25¾	— 34
Pork	"	17.00	
Lard	"	7.30	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

We must be up and doing, or Mme. Belva and her petticoated, ruffled, fluted and banged followers will compass our ruin.—Phila. Item.

Belva Lockwood is the first Presidential candidate who never used a razor. Don't make a mistake and attribute this to youth.—Boston Budget.

When a stump speaker takes a glass of water and pretends to be drinking, he is simply fishing for another idea. Away from the platform he would not look at water.—New Orleans Picayune.

In all accounts of an interview with Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the Woman Suffrage candidate for the Presidency is represented as saying: "As for old Ben, we have been chums for a long time." Send for Dr. Ball!—Buffalo Courier.

Nobody can doubt that the Republican candidate is a versatile man. His Mulligan correspondence demonstrates his ability as a business-letter writer; his "Twenty Years in Congress" denotes talent for historical writing, and his recent letter to Mr. William Walter Phelps displays a rare genius for sentimental literature.—Chicago Times.

Examine our new goods—Garmans.

Bicycle and pink shirts—Garmans.

One lot of ladies' dress cloth at a sacrifice—Garmans.

THE PLANTATION DARKY DOCTOR.

Prominent among the domestics on one of those beautiful plantations in the swamp region of Georgia, where the magnolia grandiflora and the live oak mingled their noble shadows 40 years ago was Daddy Jack. A favorite servant, intelligent, obedient, courteous, and with the manners of the old shool, he was now verging upon 60. Among other duties devolved upon him was the general supervision of the plantation infirmary, where the sick were carefully nursed and supplied with medicine and suitable food. Acquiring considerable knowledge in the treatment of ordinary diseases incident to climate and exposure, he had become in the estimation of his fellow-servants a famous leech, and was at all times prepared, with entire self-possession and dignity, to indulge in blood letting, to administer purgatives, prescribe hot baths, and recommend tonics. A pint of blood to reduce the pulse, then 10 grains of calomel, followed in the morning by half a tea cup of castor oil containing three or four drops of turpentine to impart additional potency to the dose, and finally snakeroot tea to brace up the halting system, constituted the practice in vogue in cases of ordinary fever. If this vigorous treatment failed of the desired effect a repetition was generally resolved upon, and so the patient, sometimes enfeebled to such a degree that he no longer afforded attractive food for disease, slowly recovered in spite of this heroic "doctoring." As a supplement to his labors as a physician Daddy Jack indulged in a rude way in the art of dentistry. He undertood how to cut around an aching tooth with the same lancet which he employed in blood letting from the arm. He could annihilate an exposed and throbbing nerve with a tenpenny nail heated red hot. With the use of an old fashioned extractor, with which to pry out an offending molar, sometimes even at the expense of a fractured jaw, he was familiar. In the absence of a suitable instrument a strong twine string, well waxed, sufficed to pull out an incisor.

STORAGE OF TEA.

Since the era of steamers the fact is undoubted that cargoes do not arrive in nearly as good condition as in the old clipper days. Steam is about the commonest form of damage known, and it is surprising how small an escape will taint a large quantity of tea. On the other hand, damage which is attributed to steam often has nothing to do with it. Many teas do not keep, and they commence to ferment almost from the day they are packed, and in proportion as the style of make of the article falls off year by year so does its power of keeping. The tight-rolled, hard Ningchows of years ago went off very little, and the merchants of the last generation almost classed tea with wine and cigars, and considered it rather the better for age; whereas, nowdays, it is looked upon, and properly, as a perishable article like butter. Considering that tea is packed in wooden cases with close joints, and almost hermetically sealed in lead, it is astonishing how it will get tainted.

A case was recently seen where a whole warehouse caught the smell and flavor of oranges merely, it is said, from oranges having been carried through part of the building. We have also heard it stated that in one or two warehouses where wine is stowed all the teas run more or less "winey." This flavor when natural to the tea is not considered objectionable, but when caused by any foreign contact prices are heavily affected.

In household cupboards tea may often be seen stowed next to cheese, apples, lemons and other highly-scented articles of consumption, and then the housekeeper is surprised at the various flavors combined in a single cup of "unrivalled early-picked." It may be argued that a flavor of cheese is preferable to none at all, but as "good wine needs no bush," so does good tea require no flavoring; and good tea can still be bought if the public will only pay a fair price for it. The experience gained by the case in point should impress on all retailers the necessity of carefully selecting the place for stowing tea, removing it from any stock likely to exercise any injurious effect, a precaution neglected by many grocers, to their own no small detriment.

WIVES SPEAKING OF HUSBANDS.

Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*: What ought a wife to call her husband in speaking to to a third person? Should she say "my husband," or should she use the surname without any prefix (as Mrs. Carlyle used to talk of "Carlyle"), or should she adopt another plan of that lady's, and speak, as it were, of "Mr. C.?" Perhaps it is a matter of indifference in England; but in France a woman's usage in the matter is taken as a test of breeding. In the provinces, it seems, wives speak of their husbands as "monsieur," as if their particular "monsieur" were superior to all others. Or perhaps they think this style expresses an indifference indicative of "bon ton," "my husband," they imagine, would be vulgar. With the polite world of Paris, on the contrary, "my husband" is accepted as the proper phrase, subject to two exceptions. A very affectionate wife may speak of her husband by the Christian name, while after a certain age any other style except the surname with the prefix "monsieur" is held to be ridiculous, and a sign of "provincialism."

New fall stock—Garmans.

Everything new—Garmans.

Nobby line of hats—Garmans.

A PAINFUL EXPERIMENT.

A Paris correspondent gives an account of a horrible experiment made by M. Brown Sequard. That experimenter wanted to see whether life after a violent death is susceptible of being recalled in an animal killed in a healthy state. He therefore beheaded a dog familiar with his voice. The blood of another dog was beforehand prepared to be transfused into the arteries of the head. No sooner was it injected than the inert head became animated, the eyes opened, and on the professor calling the dog by his name an attempt was made to answer by a caressing look. When the arterial blood was exhausted life disappeared. This painful experiment was suggested by one made by Dr. Laborde on Campi's head an hour and a half after execution, and when presumably the cerebral matter had greatly lost excitability. Nevertheless, when arterial blood was injected into the head, the mouth appeared to take a living character, the eyelids were raised, the pupils contracted when light was flashed upon them, and by an orifice in the skull it was seen that circulation was momentarily established in the intellectual convolutions. Dr. Laborde wanted to operate on Campi's head directly it fell into the basket, but the rule in virtue of which a form of a Christian burial was gone through at the Champ de Navele cemetery stood in his way. It is to be hoped that it will not be departed from in order to solve incompletely a psychological question. A detached head could not speak or make signs or replies to questions put about sensations were consciousness for a moment restored, as it was in the case of the dog. Moreover, there is something inexpressibly shocking in an experiment of this kind on a human being.

UNNATURAL NATURAL HISTORY.

The pelican feeds its young with the life blood from its own bleeding bosom. This is a beautiful mistake, that will live forever in symbol and legend. The "real live" pelican has a large bag under her unwieldy beak, and digging with the beak toward the breast, she feeds her brood and soils her feathers with red-stained tidbits of fish from the bag. The nightingale leans her breast against a thorn and sings in pain. In the old poets not only has she a thorn in her breast but she puts it there. Instead of being the voice of lonely love she ought to be the emblem of those discontented people who, in a position enviable to others, first make their own troubles and then spend their lives in self-commiseration. Of course the nightingale is not such a fool as she looks in poetry. Swans are said to sing a death song; this is poetry too. But they are hatched during thunder; and this is prose—the belief of otherwise sensible folk. Crows and curlews hate each other so that their eggs put in the same nest will all burst. Talking of eggs, the cock of the south of England lays an egg when the hen has ceased laying; it is a small insignificant affair with no yolk in it, clearly an amateur attempt. These cock's eggs are to be found in Sussex, if nowhere else. As we have got to the poultry yard let Job's turkey have a word; the Americans have the honor of discovering that ill-conditioned bird. They say "as poor as Job's turkey that had to lean against a fence to gobble," but there we must leave him, as he does not strictly belong to us.

CHASED BY A SPIDER.

The king of the spiders on the pampas is not a Mygale, but a Lycosa of extraordinary size, light gray in color, with a black ring around its middle. It is active and swift, and irritable to such a degree that one can scarcely help thinking that in this species nature has overshot her mark. When a person passes near one—say within three or four yards of its lurking-place—it starts up and gives chase, and will often follow for a distance of 30 or 40 yards. I came once very nearly being bitten by one of these savage creatures. Riding at an easy trot over the dry grass, I suddenly observed a spider pursuing me, leaping swiftly along and keeping up with my beast. I aimed a blow with my whip, and the point of the lash struck the ground close to it, when it instantly leaped upon and ran up the lash, and was actually within three or four inches of my hand when I flung the whip from me. The gauchos have a very quaint balled which tells that the city of Cordova was once invaded by an army of monstrous spiders, and that the townspeople went out, with beating drums and flags flying, to repel the invasion, and that after firing several volleys they were forced to turn and fly for their lives. I have no doubt that a sudden great increase of the man chasing spiders, in a year exceptionally favorable to them, suggested this fable to some rhyming satirits of the town.

A SINKING MOUNTAIN.

An isolated mountain termed Jebel Naiba, about 25,000 feet high, situated near Bona in Algeria, is found to be rapidly decreasing in hight, and around its base a considerable cavity has formed. The whole mass of the mountain is evidently sinking, and the environs of Bona seem to show that a similar phenomenon has taken place there before. Lake Fezarra, now some thousand acres in extent, did not exist in the time of the Romans, and investigations made in 1870 show that its bed was once the site of a Roman town.

Raw silk and turkaman—Garmans.

Everybody says our stock is immense—Garmans.

FROM NEBRASKA.

STROMSBURG, POLK CO., Neb., Sept. 20.

I will take the liberty of informing your readers of our country. It has a good, healthy climate, and is well watered for stock raising and farming all kinds of grain. Corn we raise from 50 to 75 bu. per acre; oats, from 40 to 75 bu.; wheat, from 10 to 35 bu.; barley, from 25 to 60 bu; rye does well some seasons—this year 15 to 25 bushels per acre, good for Rye whiskey. But, laying all jokes aside, I have toiled in Nebraska for nine years and I prefer it to the old state of Penn'a in the way of farming all kinds of grain. Our stock is not stabled; we have sheds sheltered from the north. There are thousands of cattle fed in this region that never see a stable. We have, as the old saying is, some cold blizzards, during January and February. Our cattle come from the grass in the fall just as fat as I ever seen them in Centre county. The hay we make here would compare to your second crop of meadow hay on which we winter our cattle. We can raise clover and timothy, but it will get dusty, as we do not stable our hay but stack it. Our horses will eat our prairie hay before clover or timothy. Further, we have a rapidly growing country in value of land. Nine years ago when I came to this state we had but three lines of railroad, now we are blessed with railroads all over the state. I left Penn'a in March, 1866; I struck the state of Neb. with $4.75, landed in Clarksville, Neb., in August, 1875. Now I have 160 acres of land which cost me $1,475 with nothing of a house on but a sod shanty; bought in 1876. The farm this fall will bring $4000. S. KRADER.

DIED.

At Kaneville, Ill., Sept. 23, Mary, youngest child of George and Annie Daubenman, of consumption, aged 20 years and 4 months.

She was a fine singer—her chair in the choir was draped in mourning. Both her parents died with consumption when Mary was young. G.

Mr. Jacob Stover, on Sept. 24, at his home two miles below Aaronsburg, aged 81 years, 7 months, 12 days. He was burried on 26th ult., and a large concourse of relatives and friends attended the funeral services, which were conducted by the undersigned. The discussion was based on Ps. 144:3, first part. We considered the true state of man, namely, that of sin, of grace and of heaven. F. AURAND.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS — THE BEST TONIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY—PURITY—NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD

HOUSE AND LOT AT PRIVATE SALE.—A fine lot containing a good two-story House, with good stable, and all necessary outbuildings, is offered by the undersigned at private sale. There is a young orchard of choice fruit on the premises and a well of excellent water. For terms apply to BENJ. SMITH.

24sept4t Farmers Mills, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Catharine Lingle, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against same to present the them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN D. DECKER.

27aug6t Potters Mills, Pa.

LADIES' MEDICAL ADVISER.—A complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated; postage paid for 10 two-cent stamps. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at home. Worth its weight in Gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. Address, NUNDA PUBLISHING CO., Nunda, N. Y. 6aug3m

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 28aprim

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 110 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,

7nay3m Spring Mills, Pa.

Any Housekeeper who sends at once the names of 5 married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, will receive free for one entire year, a handsome, entertaining and instructive Domestic Journal, devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Decorating, Shopping, Cooking and Household matters. Best paper published for Ladies. Every housekeeper wants it. Regular price, $1.00. Must send now! Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL, 6aug3m Nunda, New York.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1½ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home. J. W. MERSINGER,

27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale by virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, at the late residence of Jonathan Weaver, dec'd, in Gregg twp, three miles east of Centre Hall, Saturday, October 4, '84, at 1 o'clock, the following real estate: A valuable farm containing 74 ACRES, more or less, neat measurement, in Gregg twp., bounded on east by lands of J. P. Grove, on south by lands of Mitchell heirs, on west and on north by land of Mitchell heirs; thereon erected a two story dwelling house, bank barn, summer house, smoke house, dry house, all buildings good as new, orchard of choice fruit. Of the above described tract there are about 6 Acres of timber.

Also a tract of mountain land within ¼ mile of the above described tract, bounded on south by land of E. Dashamer, on east by land of J. B. Ream and on west by land of James Grove, containing 104 ACRES, more or less, timber land with good timber, such as yellow pine, chestnut, chestnut-oak, etc.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest from confirmation of sale; said payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on premises.

A. H. WEAVER, Adm'r.